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A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 30, Vol. II.

Saturday, July 25, 1863.

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SATURDAY, 25 JULY, 1863.

CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLE:—	
THE BARDIC POETRY OF THE WELSH	75
REVIEWS:— CURRENT LITERATURE.	
The Alpine Guide	76
"Twice Lost"	77
St. John's "Sport in Morayshire"	78
A French Sensation Novel: "Le Nez d'un Notaire"	79
Mr. Homersham Cox on the English Constitution	79
New Volumes of Poems	80
Mr. Boyle on the Book of Daniel	82
NOTICES:—Marshall's Christian Missions.—The Kingdom and the People.—Dr. Norman Macleod's "Old Lieutenant and his Son."—"Blind Amos and his Velvet Principles."—The Fern Manual, &c.—Four of the Quarterlies: the <i>Edinburgh</i> , the <i>Quarterly</i> , the <i>Westminster</i> , and the <i>Home and Foreign</i>	84
PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK	85
MISCELLANEA	86
CORRESPONDENCE: PARAN, AND THE SINAITIC INSCRIPTIONS	88
SCIENCE.	
SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY	89
AFRICAN EXPLORATION: DR. LIVINGSTONE AND MR. BAKER	90
LEARNED SOCIETIES	90
ART.	
ART IN PROGRESS	90
NOTES OF THE LIFE OF AUGUSTUS L. EGG (Continued)	91
ART NOTES	91
MUSIC.	
THE OPERAS: FIGARO—ELISIR D'AMORE	92
THE DRAMA.	
MR. BYRON'S NEW BURLESQUE, &c.	93

THE BARDIC POETRY OF THE WELSH.

A SUBJECT of literary history which has for some time past been rising in importance is that of the so-called Bardic Poetry of the Welsh. That the Welsh were in possession of a considerable body of traditional poetry in their own tongue had long been known. It had been known, moreover, that the Welsh believed this body of poetry to be the produce of a long series of Bards, some of whom had lived quite recently, or in the centuries that had elapsed since the Norman Conquest, but others of whom—and these by far the most renowned—were said to have lived as far back as the sixth century, or at the time when the Britons, deserted by their Roman masters, were struggling against the invading Saxons. But, though all this was known in a general way, and though a copious collection of the Welsh Bardic remains had been actually made accessible in print to whoever could read Welsh, or chose to learn it, little attention was paid to the subject. Sharon Turner, in an appendix to his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," published in 1803, gave an enthusiastic account of some of these Welsh remains, calling them ancient British poems, and vindicating their genuineness from doubts which had even then been cast upon them. But from his time the controversy slept. Of late, however, partly in consequence of the increased interest in the Celtic languages and in Celtic antiquities to which the progress of philology has given rise, the subject has come up afresh. There have been few subjects which within the last ten or twelve years have been more keenly discussed in certain quarters. On the one hand, Welsh scholars, in an access of patriotic feeling, have insisted more than before on the merits of their national Bards, and on the antiquity of the best of them—have published dissertations about them, and urged them on the notice of the world by means of translations of some of their most admired poems.

On the other hand, English scholars and antiquaries, thus challenged, have looked with real curiosity into these Welsh relics—some even studying the Welsh tongue in order to do them justice. On the whole, on the English side, there has been a tendency to scepticism on the subject, which has rather irritated the Welsh. The sceptics among the English antiquaries, indeed, do not deny that the Welsh are in possession of a large body of traditional native poetry; they do not deny that the Welsh have had Bards, and some of them ancient; but they deny that among the existing Welsh remains we have any certain productions of the older of these Bards; and, above all, they pooh-pooh the notion of a golden age of Welsh or British poetry as far back as the sixth century, some of the most precious products of which have been transmitted to us. All English antiquaries, it must be said, are not so sceptical. Some do believe, more or less, in the extremely ancient Bards of whom the Welsh boast, and in the possibility that songs of these Bards, altered and modified by time, may now lie mingled, extricably or inextricably, with the later body of Welsh poetry. Nor is it only among ourselves that such opinions prevail. A French writer, M. Hersart de la Villemarqué, has earned literary distinction by a series of works expressly devoted to the investigation and elucidation of the poems and legends of the Welsh; and his views are, on the whole, in favour of the genuineness of the more important of the alleged remains.

We have not yet heard the last word on this controversy, and probably we may not hear it till after some time and a good deal of farther thought and research. But the interest in the subject is still spreading, and is even becoming popular. In the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* there is an article on the subject, taking decidedly the sceptical side, but not arguing the matter very profoundly. We propose, here, simply to give such a brief general account of the early Bardic Poetry, and of the Welsh statements concerning it, as may suffice for most readers.

The period of the struggle of the Britons against the Saxons, according to the Welsh and to some English antiquaries, was the period of an extraordinary outburst or revival of that native Bardism which had been part and parcel of the aboriginal Druidism. Both in the earlier stage of that struggle, when the Britons were contending with some hope of success, and also in its later stage, when they were broken men cooped up in Cornwall, Wales, Cumbria, and Strathclyd, there still lived, it is alleged, Bards tracing their descent from the Druids, though now Christianized. These Bards, it is said, partaking in the excitement that agitated their countrymen—nay, constituting themselves the organs and ministers of that excitement, and so, consciously or unconsciously, relapsing into Druidism, and letting the old Druidic inspiration seize them once more—composed and chanted to the harp, whether in halls or on the hill-sides, songs of war and triumph, of defeat and death, of the past glories of their race, and of their future resurrection. Inheriting also the *matter* of the old Druidic mysteries, and their symbols and incantations, they were not only poets, but, in part, magicians or wizards. They did not sing or relate only; they dealt also in strange allegories, and a whole heraldry of mystic signs. Type of this class of men in the legends is the wizard Merlin, whose story runs through that of King Arthur.

The Merlin of Arthur is, however, a mythical person, and is distinguished as such by the Welsh from several great British Bards of the sixth century, the circumstances of whose lives they consider historical, and some of whose poems yet exist, and are the boast of their literature. Of these the following is a list:—

- 460—520. GWYDDNO: *Odes*, &c.
- 470—520. GWYDION AB DON: *ditto*.
- 510—560. HEINYN: *ditto*.

510—560. ANEURIN: Son of Caw, British King of Strathclyd, and therefore brother of the historian Gildas, who is said himself to have been a Bard before his conversion to Christianity. Aneurin, besides being a Bard, was chief of a district called Gododin. His chief remaining composition is a poem of 920 lines in rhyme, entitled "*Gododin*," referring to a great battle, called "The Battle of Cattraeth," fought in the north, about 547, between the Britons and the Northumbrian Saxons or Angles. To Aneurin are also inscribed *Odes of the Months*, containing maxims and moral observations, and some mystical verses called *Gwarchans* or Incantations.

520—570. TALIESIN: a Bard also of the Northern or Cumbrian Britons, a friend of Aneurin, but belonging more particularly to a district called Rheged, of which one Urien was king or chief. The compositions attributed to him consist of a considerable number of short lyrical pieces, some in praise of Urien, others described by such titles as "Battle of the Trees," "The War-horses," "The Destiny of Britain," "The Graves of the Warriors," &c.

530—600. MERDWIN or MERLIN, surnamed "The Wild," and also "The Caledonian," to distinguish him from his more mythical predecessor, Arthur's Merlin, who is called Merlin Ambrosius. He is said to have been of North British birth, to have lived a wandering life in Strathclyd and Cumbria, and to have been subject to fits of lunacy, which often drove him to the woods. A tinge of strong Druidism, almost anti-Christian, runs through the five or six pieces ascribed to him, which are mostly mystic or prophetic, and described by such titles as *Afallenau* or "The Apple-Trees," "The Impulses," "Oracles," and "The Invocation to the Figs."

550—640. LLYWARCH HEN—i.e., Llywarch the Aged. He was a prince of the Cumbrian district called Argoed, fought in the battles of the sixth century against the Angles and Saxons, and survived into the seventh as a refugee among the Welsh, composing in his old age songs, elegies, and triads, among which are an elegy on "Urien Rheged" and a poem on his own old age, containing recollections of his sons whom he had lost.

The compositions of these Bards may be seen, in the original British, as printed from old MSS., in the great collection of Welsh literary remains entitled "The Myvyrian Archæology of Wales," published in three volumes, in 1801 and subsequent years, by Owen Jones, a furrier, of Thames Street, London, and his assistants, the Welsh scholars, Owen Pughe and Edward Williams. In this collection the poems of Aneurin, Taliesin, Merdwin Wyllt, and Llywarch Hen—the four great Bards of the sixth century—occupy about 150 pages in double columns.

The poems, it is necessary to remark, if we suppose them to be genuine, are not *Welsh*, in the special sense of the word, but *British*, in the wider sense. The four greatest of the Bards, it will be seen, did not belong by birth to the district now forming Wales. Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch Hen are represented as Britons of Cumbria or Strathclyd, and Merlin as a Pictish or Caledonian Briton. The truth seems to be that the British speech was then substantially the same in Cornwall, Wales, Cumbria, and Pictish Caledonia, and that the Britons of all these parts were inter-related, so that what originated in one part could pass at once into the others. Then, as it so happened that Wales proper became ere long the refuge for all that was British—as the Welsh nationality survived all the other fragments of the old British mass and received into it whatever remained of their traditions—it will be understood how what was, by origin, Cornish, or Cumbrian, or even Pictish, may have become, by inheritance and transmission, Welsh.

Turning to the poems themselves, what first strikes one is their lyrical form and character. They are pre-eminently lyrical, with the least possible touch of the epic or narrative style. That is, they are all of the nature of song; and even those of them that relate to events, and contain allusions to events, are still only songs about events, and not direct narratives. Moreover, they are all in rhyme, and in a very complex kind of metrical structure—the lines being

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

generally short, the transitions from one kind of measure to another rapid and abrupt, and the rhyme often extending through four, or six, or eight, or even twenty consecutive lines. Sometimes there is rhyme *within* the lines as well; and use is also made of the device of alliteration—i.e., the sequence of words beginning with the same sound or letter. If these poems are really as old as is alleged, they prove that what would now be called highly artificial rules of verse were part of the traditional lore of the Druidic Bards. They would prove, also, more particularly, that, though rhyme may have originated among various peoples, it was practised earlier and more extensively among the Celts than among most.

The matter of the poems corresponds to their form. They are, for the most part, songs of war, sometimes of victory, but as often of defeat—lamentations for dead heroes, chants in their memory, recollections of their graves. We see the blue steel glancing, the hosts meeting in battle, and afterwards the field of corpses left to the ravens. The general tone is that of sadness—of a broken people afflicted with the sorrow of their past greatness, cherishing among their mountains past memories, undying revenge against their wrongs, and passionate hopes of some future restoration. Llywarch the Aged, going about upon his crutch among a generation to whom he is an object only of compassion, thinks of his sons who have all gone before him, and longs for death. It is this general tone of melancholy, this wild broken-heartedness that affects the English reader of the poems, rather than any passages of power that they contain, though occasionally such passages occur. There is, as we have said, scarcely anything of description or narrative—a mere glimpse here and there of a warrior gleaming blue in his armour, with a golden torque on his neck; and then of a grave on some windy hill. Nor is there anything of ethical maxim or reflective philosophy, except what may be involved in the elementary contemplation of life and death as the destiny of man. There is no approach throughout to humour.

But, while much of the Bardic Poetry of Aneurin, Taliesin, Merdhin, and Llywarch Hen consists but of a peculiar variation of such war-songs, praises of chiefs, and lamentations for the dead as are common in the lyrical poetry of all nations, and as all can understand, not an inconsiderable portion consists of matter of a kind far less intelligible. There are entire poems, and also passages of others, which consist of a strange compound of allegory and mystical allusions to some ancient system of rites and symbols to which we have lost the key. Some of them are expressly called *Gwarchans* or Incantations. Both Aneurin and Taliesin have pieces of this kind; and Merdhin's *Afallenau* or "Apple-Trees," if not all of his poems, are in the same style of mystic allegory. The prophecy attributed to the elder Merlin, incorporated in Geoffrey of Monmouth's history, and professing to be a translation from the ancient British as still known in the twelfth century, is a specimen of the same kind of composition. It is a strange prophecy of the future of Britain made under the allegory of a Red Dragon and a White Dragon, with all sorts of other beasts and symbols, celestial and terrestrial, brought in. Throughout that poem or prophecy the modern reader can discern a certain vein of poetic power and even significance; but the mystic pieces of Taliesin and Merdhin Wyllt are more hopelessly incomprehensible; nor can the Welsh reader make more of them than the English. There are "apple-trees" meaning something; "pigs" supposed to mean Druids; the "dragon" is one of the most constant figures; and, as one reads, the only idea one can call up is that of some orgy or incantation, either actually performed or only thought of—of a magic cauldron by the side of some lake, and priests in quaint star-figured robes walking round it and muttering their spells. Shakespeare, as he had cognisance of everything, seems to have had cognisance of the

peculiarities of this kind of Welsh Bardic Poetry; for the words in which he makes Hotspur describe the impression made on him by Owen Glendower's conversation are an exact description of them:—

Sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A crouching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith.

It is possible, however, that this mystic portion of the ancient Bardic Poetry of the Welsh may be its most characteristic portion. On no other principle, if we suppose the remains genuine, can it be explained than by supposing, as has been suggested, that British Bardism in the sixth century was not merely an outburst of lyric poetry, but also a kind of Neo-Druidism, or revived Druidism, in which ancient symbols and mysteries were retained, so as to furnish a language to the initiated distinct from that in which they sang their ordinary songs, and more fit for certain extreme moods of the Bardic phrenzy.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE ALPINE GUIDE.

A Guide to the Western Alps. By John Ball, late President of the Alpine Club. (Longman & Co.)

THIS work is the most solid product which has hitherto appeared of the labours and adventures of the Alpine Club; and it is one which that famous corporation may fairly offer to those who shall hereafter demand its *raison d'être*. There is much in the proceedings of the members of this Club that savours only of the eccentric audacity of the young Englishman who will endure hardships and toils and face dangers to gain the credit of out-doing his fellows in unheard-of feats; and, when the mountaineer describes with infinite zest the inch-wide ledges on which he has stood, the yawning crevices he has jumped, the fragments of rock which came tumbling about his head, the avalanches he just evaded, the hundreds of steps he cut in the ice, the cold that numbed him, and the glare which took off his facial skin and inflamed his eyes, it is inevitable that the unsympathizing reader should ask with astonishment for what great reward all this misery was endured? The climber can afford to harden himself against scoffs, for he knows the proved fascination which mountain-climbing exercises upon those who try it; and he may prophesy that the scoffer himself would not be able to resist the contagious enthusiasm if he came within its spell. But there is something more than physical excitement and the trying of tough muscle and nerve in the mountaineering which has lately become the fashion. Many of those who have enjoyed the hardest ascents have been men of cultivated minds trained to habits of observation; and considerable knowledge has been accumulated, and is now accumulating, with reference to those regions whose inaccessibility had kept their strange and peculiar phenomena comparatively unknown.

We have spoken of this Guide as owing its existence to the Alpine Club, but without intending to detract from the personal claims of Mr. Ball as its author. No other person is so well qualified as Mr. Ball to compose a first-rate account of the mountain-regions of Europe; and he has evidently determined to make the guide-books, of which this is the first, perfect in their kind. But he himself writes throughout as a president of the Alpine Club, proud of the achievements of his fellow-members, and owning his obligations to their help. The mountain-district embraced in this Guide—that of the various groups called the Western Alps, to distinguish them from the Central and the Eastern Alps, which are to be treated in subsequent volumes—is that in which most new know-

ledge has been gained by the explorations of the Alpine Club. One way of describing the Western Alps is to say that they enclose, except on its eastern side, the plain of Piedmont. Beginning with the Maritime Alps north of Nice, they include the Cottian, of which Monte Viso is the principal peak; the great Dauphiné group, best known by the name of Mont Pelvoux; a group distinguished by Mr. Ball as the Alps of South Savoy; the Graian Alps with the lofty peaks of the Grivola and the Grand Paradis; and, lastly, the mighty Pennine range from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa. It is singular to find how little was known about many parts of this Alpine region till within the last few years; and even now Mr. Ball consoles those who lived too late to share the first glories of the Club by assuring them that much yet remains to be discovered, not only in the less visited districts, but actually in that of which the cockneyfied Chamouny is the head-quarters. Mr. Ball gives the history of a strange error which prevailed with regard to the existence of an imaginary mountain, called Iséran, in the district of the Tarentaix. It seems that "the ordinary guide-books and the most authentic maps" mentioned a mountain of this name, of great height, close to the Col d'Iséran, which recent explorers took great trouble to find, but in vain. Mr. Ball explains that the ancient *passes* were formerly called by the general name of "Mont," whilst many great peaks had no name at all. The Col d'Iséran was thus called *Mont Iséran*; which, being misunderstood, created the impression that there was a peak above the pass. Under this misapprehension neighbouring mountains were mistaken, according to the position of the spectator, for the supposed Mont Iséran, and one of them was trigonometrically measured for it, though at some distance from the site of the imaginary peak. The government map of Piedmont, which is described as very untrustworthy, has perpetuated this error. We hope that Mr. Ball's own Index of Mountains, in which "Iséran, Mont (13,271'), 115," figures quite innocently, will not do any further mischief.

The Dauphiné Alps are those which, in proportion to their grandeur, have been least known. They form a huge mass, singularly isolated in geographical position, and isolated also as regards the sympathies of travellers by the unequalled badness of the accommodation to be found in the district. The inns are said to be repulsive, the food bad and hard to procure, the habits of the people filthy beyond example, the insects most various and omnipresent. In addition to these disadvantages, correct maps of the country have been wholly wanting. As to this group of mountains Mr. Ball's Guide professes to give original and important information, derived in part from unpublished materials collected by the French "ordnance survey," and placed at the disposal of Mr. Tuckett, and partly from the observations of Messrs. Tuckett and W. Matthews, the most distinguished explorers amongst the members of the Alpine Club. "Looking to the height of the principal peaks, and the grandeur of the rock and glacier scenery," says Mr. Ball, "Dauphiné ranks next after the Pennine and Bernese Alps, and some of the higher valleys are scarcely anywhere to be matched for wild and savage sublimity." The best-known name of the Dauphiné Mountains is that of Mont Pelvoux, the highest point of which has been twice ascended. Mr. Tuckett, who made the second ascent, "remained nearly four hours on the summit, engaged in taking with a theodolite the azimuths and zenith distances of the principal summits of the Dauphiné Alps, as well as many other more distant peaks. Of the first, at least two surpass the Pelvoux in height. The highest of all, as is now certainly ascertained, is the Pointe des Écrins, 13,462 feet high," which yet remains to give up its honours to the adventurous tourist who is daunted neither by dirty inns nor by steep cliffs.

In describing the better known mountain-districts, nothing could be more careful or

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

accurate than the Alpine Guide. It is scarcely possible to think of any information likely to be wanted by a traveller amongst the Alps which is not supplied here, of the best quality, of the latest date, and with the most convenient arrangement. Alpine science is represented by writers of first-rate authority, who have prepared special papers for this work. A most elaborate account of the geology of the Alps has been contributed by M. Desor, of Neuchâtel, and translated by the Editor. This is the more interesting, because the geology of the Alps furnishes many problems which are now waiting solution at the hands of geologists, and upon which eminent authorities are at issue. The zoology of the Alps is treated by Mr. Carter Blake, with whose high qualifications the readers of this Journal are familiar. The snow-region and the glacial phenomena generally are described by the Editor himself, who also, as an accomplished botanist, names in each valley the peculiar plants which are likely to reward the researches of the botanical explorer. It will be understood, therefore, that the work has not been compiled merely with an eye to the facilitating of dangerous ascents. All those who are about to travel in the neighbourhood of Alpine peaks or passes will find here much that will make their journey more instructive and agreeable. Besides the careful original maps contained in the Guide itself, a list of all existing maps is given. Amongst other lists, there is a very full one of all the books which illustrate any feature of the Alpine region; and a list of the names and characters of the principal guides who can be recommended to travellers. A programme is given of a carriage tour, of a tour suited for moderate pedestrians and ladies able to ride, as well as of tours which will require you to "put up occasionally with very bad accommodation." Indeed, this very convenient volume has put the travelling public under great obligations to its author and publishers, and is likely to be extensively valued as a "guide, philosopher, and friend."

"TWICE LOST."

Twice Lost. A Novel. By the Author of "Queen Isabel," "Nina," "The Story of a Family," &c., &c. (Virtue, Brothers, & Co.)

ANOTHER first-rate novel by a woman! The plot well-conceived and worked out, the characters individualized and clear-cut, and the story so admirably told that you are hurried along for two hours and a half with a smile often breaking out at the humour, a tear ready to start at the pathos, and with unflagging interest till the heroine's release from all trouble is announced at the end. Truly the Women of England are well keeping up the renown of this their Victorian age. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest poetess that her country has ever seen; Elizabeth Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, among the greatest woman-novelists that England has ever known; Florence Nightingale, whom all our soldiers love,—and she but the type of a million other tenders of sickness, soothers of pain;—when has the world matched them? When shall we have the woman-artist and woman-musician to complete the glorious crown? We can not help rejoicing over the greater fulness and power of female life and intellect now in our land, whether evidenced by such names as we have named, or by the testimony of that most touching preface to Mr. John Stuart Mill's "Liberty," or just by a well-written novel or story like the one now before us.

The heroine of it is a magnificent, half-wild, untrained girl, Maude, brought up near Montevideo, the step-daughter of an English merchant, Mr. Langley, the respectable villain of the plot. He had treated his wife badly, and she ran away from him with Maude, the child of her first marriage, and Lilia, her child by him. She dies, and gives the children in charge to Uncle Rossetti, one of Garibaldi's heroes, brave and gentle, who will not have the girls told of the bad treatment of their mother—"never put bitterness

into a child's or a woman's heart." The cousin, Marco Rossetti, is as brave and noble as his father; and the young Maude loves him with all the fervour and passionate devotion that her rich southern nature is capable of. The uncle takes them to Italy; and there Mr. Langley, who wants to secure Maude's fortune, claims her as his own child, and carries her off to England, leaving Lilia behind, dying, as he believes. And so poor Maude at seventeen, with her loving, passionate nature, is torn from all she has loved from her earliest years, and brought to a strange London home, and a reputed father, who wants only to marry her to his partner and secure her fortune to their firm. No wonder she says of her Marco—

Ah! I wish you knew him! I cannot show you what he is—so gentle, so noble, and with no faults! Going from him to them was like going out of the pure fresh air of the mountains into a London theatre to breathe gas and smoke. You do not know what it makes of a man to live the life he lived, having no self in it, but always working and always ready to die for his country and his people. Patriots are always gentle.

Mr. Langley's plan to break her to his will is to send her down to his lonely park at Rhaiader in Wales, with a strong-willed governess whom he can trust, and there educate her, show her that Marco is a desperate adventurer seeking her fortune, and that she must marry the respectable husband he will choose for her. Somewhat like hoping to train a lion to run leader in a tandem, one would think at first sight; but Mr. Langley knows better—a friendless girl, ignorant of English law, surrounded by paid watchers, must in time either yield or die. "Who could wonder, moreover, that a wealthy, civilized, polished English gentleman, was ready to move heaven and earth to save his daughter from becoming the prey of a reckless foreign adventurer—a man 'with the morals and education of a pirate?'" The novel opens with a very clever sketch of the governess, Miss Derwent, drawing up her advertisement with her sparring, critical father; and then we have her meeting with Mr. Langley, and his clever misrepresentation of his wayward daughter's character, her sad wilfulness, and determination to disgrace herself with any adventurer that will take her. Miss Derwent is then introduced to her pupil Maude, who recalls to her "the figure of the slave-girl in Lewis's 'Interior of the Harem'; it was the same gesture, the same expression—powerless, petulant disdain—with something half-savage in it, like the glance of an untamed creature of the forest." They go down to their Welsh abode; and the delight of the London governess in the glorious scenery, and the way in which she breaks down Maude's distrust of her till she can say, "I had won her—she was mine," are admirably told. They live their quiet life, reading and working, Maude kindling at the histories of noble deeds and men, and gradually becoming tranquil and happy, till her friend could say her cure was radical and complete. Was Marco then forgotten? Clytha House was next to theirs; and one day they unexpectedly found it tenanted by its owner Colonel Seton, and his sweet blonde wife and child, mother and daughter both called May, a bright, quaint, little group, brought in for a couple of chapters to cheer the way. The Colonel is a great sportsman, and has a gamekeeper, at whose house a saucy young fisherman lodges. The gamekeeper is Marco—the young fisherman, his devoted friend Giuseppe. One evening the governess, rising from a bed of fever, finds Maude out, surprises her alone with Marco, and upbraids her vehemently. "Hush," said he, "she is not to be spoken to in this manner!"

You think it kind and good to separate us. Some one has deceived you, and made you believe it to be your duty. Well, I won't argue; but I just tell you that you can't do it. No one can do it. It is impossible, because we are one. Do you not see that she is mine, and that I have her; and how can you fancy for a moment that I will let her go?

But he does let her go on Miss Derwent's promising to keep their meeting secret. However, Mr. Langley is on the alert, and by a masterly scheme carries Maude off from both her governess and Rossetti, who both suspect each other of knowing where she is hid. Poor Maude, "twice lost" indeed, is sorrow-stricken and hopeless; but at last Marco discovers her; and they wander to the Welsh coast, thence cross to Ireland, and are married. They hire a single room, divide it by a coarse curtain of serge, and do all household work for themselves. By day Marco taught for a shilling an hour;—

and at night they sat in their dark chamber and talked. Talked of heaven and earth, and of that fairy-land of fancy which is neither; of the far-off Past, the strange, wild, lonely life in South America, when they were together, and were all the world to each other; of the quiet Italian days, when they were separated, but were all the world to each other still; of the time to come, when Sicily should be free, and they should live together among their own people, and be all the world to each other for ever.

Maude, too, soon begins to teach some children, to add to their scanty store, and so prettily tries to conquer her ungoverned temper, and says to her husband—"Marco, I slapped a little boy this morning. . . . Oh, Marco, I was so good to-day! I kept my temper in the most beautiful way." They live happily on till Garibaldi's call reaches his follower, and the husband says he must go. The wife's passionate pleading that he should stay, his yielding and self-reproach, the way in which his dishonour creates a feeling of separation between them, and then the wife's conquest over herself, must be read in the book itself. The noble man sets out to follow his chief, and free his country: the poor wife takes refuge in a convent. Thither she is tracked by Mr. Langley; and he, by representing the marriage as a false one, followed by Marco's desertion of his bride, induces Miss Derwent to bring her to her home in town. There Maude gets no news of her husband, and stays sadly on, drooping and sinking, till they fear for her life. Mr. Langley is just drawing all his plans to a head to prove the marriage false, as one between a Protestant and a Romanist, and so secure Maude for his partner, when, from the fields of freedom, Marco and Giuseppe spring in, and with them Mr. Langley's real daughter Lilia, supposed to be dead, but living, and accompanied by her husband. The denouement of the plot is well kept in hand to the very last.

We heartily recommend the book to all readers. It is more full of character than any book we remember since Charles Reade's "Christie Johnstone;" and from the short, punchy, fussy little doctor, who looked like a highly-fed bullfinch, to the heroine, hero, and London cabman, all the characters are so drawn that you feel the authoress has had firm hold of them in her mind. The jaunty young Giuseppe is very happily hit off. Specimens can hardly give a fair idea of this; but just take two. Miss Derwent's father is at a certain period wanted to go out, "first to a *séance*, and afterwards to tea. There!"

My father made a face. "I might screw myself up to the spirit-rapping business," said he; "I never saw that particular form of swindling, and I should not dislike making its acquaintance. But the tea-party afterwards! What do you see in me, my daughter, that can make you think me capable of such an abandonment of the principles and practice of my whole life as is involved in the idea of going out to tea?"

One knows Mr. Derwent after that. Now for Mrs. Prichard, who loves tame animals and moralizes on sportsmen:—

"Well, it's a wonder to me how they spend their whole day in killing live things for fun, and then goes home at night and thinks themselves Christians."

"It's nature," said I, smiling.

"Men's nature, it is," she answered; "women 'ud scorn it. There's that old Gwythyr—I ask your pardon for making an example of him, since he belongs to you, but an example he is—he's never comfortable except when he's putting

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

something to death, or tellin' how he did it. That's the way with sportsmen; when they can't kill, they likes to talk about killin'. And yet, if you was to even them to butchers, they'd think you was insultin' 'em!"

"Well—there is a little difference—"

"Much the difference that there is between soldiers and murderers," interrupted she; "the first does it for duty, and for earnin' of their livelihood, and the last does it because they likes it."

This is for the benefit of a saucy young shot, who afterwards tries to make friends with the good dame's cats; but they,

after regarding him with that expression of unearthly malevolence proper to the eyes of cats, set up their backs, uttered several prolonged miauls, which sounded as if the whole of their internal machinery was coming to pieces, and sneaked off into corners, disdaining their enemy's attempts to coax them into a temporary truce.

"Look at that, now!" cried Mrs. Prichard, contemplating her cats with sincere admiration. "Did you ever see such knowledge? And after that, people'll venture to say man's the cleverest of creatures! Why, any fool can take a *man* in, by getting up early and speaking a little soft; but Solomon his-self couldn't take in a cat! They knows—they knows; you may coax 'em till you're half-choked, but you'll not get so much as a smile out of 'em."

ST. JOHN'S SPORT IN MORAYSHIRE.

Natural History and Sport in Moray. By Charles St. John. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.)

ANYTHING like criticism on the works of the late Charles St. John is now superfluous. The reading world generally has long since fully recognised the charm of his descriptions of scenery and the incidents of sport; and the naturalist knows that he was thoroughly to be depended on as one who took nothing for granted, never trusted to hearsay, and carefully and cautiously recorded the habits and manners of the animals he observed so lovingly. Apart from the loss to general literature, his premature death was a serious one to natural history, more particularly to ornithology. Eminently fitted by taste and position for his work, he would, doubtless, had more time been allotted to him, have cleared up much that is vague and uncertain in the history of our ducks and shore-birds, and have opened up the as yet unexplored treasures of the east coast of Sutherland as he has done those of Morayshire. He belonged to that class of naturalists so peculiarly English, the "Sporting Naturalist"—men who begin as mere hunters and fishers, and at first study the habits of animals for the sake of finding out their weak side, and who, in the course of their study, find so much that is interesting and lovable in them that they half-cock the gun and lay the rod on the heather to watch the marvels of the life they came to destroy. The late Mr. Yarrell was eminently typical of this class of naturalists.

To "White of Selbourne" is generally given the credit of having first pointed out to country-gentlemen and sportsmen the fact that, closely connected with their pursuits and their pleasures, was a field of unlimited interest and ever fresh enjoyment, capable, moreover, if properly worked, of yielding results most valuable to society at large. In reality, however, we suspect the works of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton were the first to lead men to discover that there was something more than the mere catching of trout and hunting of otters to be learned by the river-side. It is true that "Jervaise Markham" had a dim glimmering of the truth long before their time; but he washed away what he saw in a flood of pamphlets, and took permanently to town and its troubles. And before him, again, was a great master in woodcraft, George Gascoigne, in Queen Bess's days, who would have found out the secret of making field-sports permanently interesting had he ever persevered in anything, and had there been such a thing as "Natural History" in his days. But there was not; and he had to bear the blame of giving way to

what were called "His Fancies," and to write dolefully—

In hunting of the deere my fancie took delight;

All forests knew my follie still, the moonshine was my light;

In frosts I knew no colde—a sunburnt hew was best;

I sweat and was in temper still, my watching seemed rest.

What dangers deep I passed, it folly were to tell;

But, since I sigh to think thereon, Fancie (quoth he), farewell!

It is an easy thing to sneer at "the sportsman" as a mere idle do-nothing, killing time by killing beasts and fish; but people in general little know the amount of gratitude they owe to men of that class. Only in exceptional cases is the love of natural history sufficiently strong *per se* to induce a man to suffer the summer's heat and winter's cold for the mere sake of studying the habits of wild animals; and it is to the deer-stalker, the wild-duck shooter, and the lonely watcher for the wild cat and the otter that we are indebted for most of the real facts of our domestic natural history. Without the excitement of the chase to urge men on, our knowledge of the natural history of strange lands would have been a mere blank. Had there been no more sport in catching salmon than in hooking haddocks, we suspect that our fishmongers' shops would not have "gleamed in soft radiance" from the presence of the king of fish to the extent they have done this summer. There is, we hope, a dawning idea that what used to be called "natural history" was but poor stuff after all, and infinitely inferior in truth, teaching, and ultimate value to the "facts" brought us by men like St. John and "sporting naturalists of his class."

This new school of naturalists are not only wise themselves, but the cause that wisdom is in others. In the course of a day's shooting a man like St. John tells one more than could be gleaned from a library of mere scientific books, and withal lightens up his information with quiet bits of fun that make it worth the reading even of those who know not a gray goose from a barnacle. Listen to the fight between "Old Donald," now disclosed as one "Rennie" (and who we are happy to hear is still in the flesh), and a wounded swan:—

Just as it got dark a rushing noise was heard, and a pair of swans skimmed rapidly over the old keeper's head, and pitched in the water, making a monstrous wave. They did not see us, and immediately began to feed. It was getting dark; and the old man, not wishing to lose a chance, got up from his hiding-place, and ran quickly to the water's edge, firing both barrels at the largest bird as it flew away. His gun was only loaded with No. 3, and the distance, as we afterwards found, was above forty yards. Both the swans flew on for some distance, until we saw the wing of one suddenly give away, and down came the bird into the pool, which was of considerable size, though shallow. I had left my retriever at home to rest, and, before I could stop him, in went the old man; and then began a chase which I have rarely seen equalled. Although the water was shallow, the bottom was uneven; and every minute down went Donald, head foremost. I called to him to let me shoot the bird, and leave it to drift on shore; but all in vain. On he went, tumbling over and over, and the swan swimming and struggling in the water close to him, making an immense splashing and noise. They got quite away from me; and I had nothing left but to sit down and watch the chase as well as I could through the increasing darkness. At last he hemmed the bird into a rushy corner of the loch, and caught her. But this was no sooner done than the swan, by flapping and struggling, tripped him up, and got away again, leaving her antagonist flat in the water. Then, and not till then, he began to load his gun, which he had, to my great wonderment, contrived to carry all the time high over his head; but, of course, notwithstanding all his care, it had got wet and would not go off, and the conflict ended at last by a lucky blow from the barrels, which stunned the swan.

Few men can tell us more about that glorious bird, the wild swan, than St. John;

and those who have ever had the privilege of seeing one beating his way swiftly and strongly onwards will not wonder at his constant recurrence to them. It is no wonder that the old Scandinavians elevated them into something more than birds, and refer to them always with reverence. Here is a sketch of them, fresh from the ice-halls of Odin-allvater:—

The first flock of swans which I have seen this season are just arrived in a long undulating line. As they come over the sands, where they will probably rest for the night, the whole company sets up a simultaneous concert of trumpet-like cries; and, after one or two wheels round the place, light down on the sand, and immediately commence pluming themselves and putting their feathers in order after their long and weary flight from the wild morasses of the north. After a short dressing of feathers and resting a few minutes, the whole beautiful flock stretch their wings again and rise gradually into the air, but to no great height, their pinions sounding loud as they flap along the shallow water before getting well on wing. They then fly off, led by instinct or the experience of former years, to where a small stream runs into the bay, and where its waters have not yet mingled with the salt sea. There they alight, and drink and splash about to their hearts' content. This done, they waddle out of the stream, and, after a little stretching of wings and arranging of plumage, standing in a long row, dispose themselves to rest, every bird with head and neck laid on its back, with the exception of one unfortunate individual, who, by a well-understood arrangement, stands, with neck erect and watchful eye, to guard his sleeping companions. They have, however, a proper sense of justice, and relieve guard regularly, like a well-disciplined garrison. I would willingly disturb their rest with a charge of swan-shot could I get within range; but, not being able to do so, I must leave the noble-looking birds to rest in peace. When I was getting up from the place where I was sitting to watch them the sentinel gives a low cry of alarm, which makes the whole rank lift up their heads for a moment; but, seeing that they are out of danger, and that, instead of approaching them, I am walking in the contrary direction, they all dispose themselves again to rest, with the exception of their watchful sentry. In the morning, at daybreak, they will all be feeding in the shallow lakes in the neighbourhood, led there by some old bird who has made more than one journey to this country before now. Wistfully my dog eyes the snow-white flock; but evening is coming on, and we must leave them.

Is not such a sketch worth a museum of stuffed swans?

One more bit of description of "Hurelda Glacialis" and we must close our extracts:—

Beautiful—surpassingly beautiful—is the view before me, as I rest myself on a height of the sand-hills facing the north, the bright and calm sea close at hand, and the variously shaped and coloured cliffs and rocks of Cromarty and Ross at a distance, in reality, of twelve or fifteen miles, but which, as the sun shines full upon them, appear to be very much nearer; and all these are backed by mountains of every form and outline, but of a uniform deep blue, tipped with white peaks. The sea is smooth as a mirror, except where some sea-fowl suddenly splashes down into the water, making a few silvery circles, which soon disappear. Every here and there is a small flock of the long-tailed duck, diving and sporting in the sea, and uttering their strange but musical cry as they chase each other, swimming rapidly in small circles, or taking short flights close above the surface, the whole flock dropping at once into the water as if shot, and not alighting gradually like the mallard and other ducks.

So much of the matter of this volume has already appeared in "The Field-Notes of a Naturalist" that it should properly be entitled a new edition of that work, with additions from the author's note-books and (what is of no small importance) from his sketch-books. Though not strictly speaking an artist, St. John had, from long acquaintance with the originals, caught a happy knack of rendering the attitudes of his wild friends; and seldom has the eager look of a heron, protruding its neck before the last fatal dart at its prey, been more perfectly given than in one of his little tail-pieces. The frog and the butterfly is a poem in itself.

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

A FRENCH SENSATION-NOVEL : "LE NEZ D'UN NOTAIRE."

Le Nez d'un Notaire. Par Edmond About. Troisième Édition. (Paris : Michel Lévy Frères.)

THE tide of sensational writing has for some time past been running in a somewhat peculiar channel among our French neighbours. Many of the chief ingredients in use in our own literary pharmacopœia of fiction have been discarded by the professional leaders abroad; and high-flavoured materials, such as murder, arson, poisoning, bigamy, and the like, have almost entirely got out of fashion in France. It is no more allowed to throw a man down a well than to let a banker's daughter run away with a groom; and for a heroine to set fire to a house is deemed the essence of vulgarity. Sensation, of course, is still required; but it is made out of very different materials. Their nature is well exemplified in the recent novel of M. Edmond About, "The Nose of a Notary."

M. Alfred L'Ambert is a public notary in the Faubourg St. Germain, possessed of a professional connexion—the heirloom of two centuries of law business—worth 100,000 francs per annum. The young man, aged thirty-two, is a perfect gentleman, by birth, education, and manners. He is tall and well-made, "sleek and fresh as a pike," has fine large eyes, an Olympian forehead, beard and hair of the most amiable blond, a Roman nose—that is, nose number one—small hands, fitting into the most spotless gloves, and last, not least, a fine aristocratic neck, wrapped in a white neckcloth, the art of wearing which—an art very little known—he understands to perfection. He has only one blemish,—this adorable young man—he is somewhat short-sighted; but this slight defect he hides under the most delicate pair of spectacles when at home, and under an eye-glass, pink of fashion, when in public. M. Alfred L'Ambert is rather fond of appearing in public. He is regular in his attendance at the club, and still more regular, on the evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at the green-room of the Imperial Opera, where he is so well-known to the young ladies of the *corps de ballet* as to have received the flattering nickname of "Conqueror."

How interesting to study this little world of young damsels, nearly all of them of low origin, and whom talent or beauty may lift up in a moment to wealth and position. Striplings for the most part of fifteen or sixteen, brought up on dry bread and potatoes in an attic or a porter's lodge, they are seen tripping stealthily up to the stage-door on pattens, with a thin woollen shawl round their little body, and half-an-hour after appear in the green-room as radiant beauties, covered with silks, gauze, and flowers, more brilliant and charming than the fairies, angels, and houris of our dreams. Ministers of state, princes, and dukes kiss their hands, and do not mind spotting their faultless black dress coats with the white lead of their naked arms. Sweet songs of love and snatches of high-flown poetry are whispered to them in correct French, which sometimes they understand. . . . Then comes midnight, and the scene changes on a sudden. Cinderella goes home to her attic with her pattens and her little woollen shawl.

M. Alfred L'Ambert, the Adonis-notary, is perplexed among the eighty fairies of the *corps de ballet*; but finally falls in love with a pretty little brunette with blue eyes, called Victorine Tompain. Unfortunately, the decision takes place at a moment when Mademoiselle Victorine has just entered into an engagement with Ayvas Bey, secretary of the Turkish Legation, a stout man, given to jealousy. One evening the two rivals meet at the stage-door of the opera, and the short-sighted notary by mistake deals a violent blow on the nose to the Turkish secretary of embassy. Thereupon Ayvas Bey takes a solemn oath that he will seek retaliation, and then and there provokes his adversary to a duel. The affair of honour takes place not many hours after, in the early dawn of the morning, near the village of Parthenay, on the road to Sceaux. Before entering the field of combat, M. Alfred L'Ambert perceives an ill-looking tom-cat grinning at him

from a tree, and threatens to kill it, but with the only effect of driving the animal further into the wood, just above his head at the place of duel. The "affair of honour" is settled in a few seconds. Swords having been chosen, Ayvas Bey, leading the attack, makes short work of the business by cutting off his rival's nose. Poor M. L'Ambert falls into the arms of the doctor, who consoles him with the assurance that the precious ornament of his face may easily be sewn on again. The belligerents then look for the nose, but to their horror find that it has disappeared. The tom-cat has run away with it. So they all, duellists and seconds, comprising a marquis, a stockbroker, and three Turks, run after the tom-cat, which is perceived capering away, carrying off the most ornamental part of M. L'Ambert's face. The pursuers follow close for more than three miles, through field, forest, garden, and meadow, M. L'Ambert, all bleeding, animating his companions by word and example. "Those who have never seen a notary running after his nose can form no idea of the zeal of his pursuit," remarks M. About. But, in spite of all the ardour of the chase, the tom-cat escapes finally—and the consequence is that the handsome notary has to return to Paris without his nose.

When he has reached his residence a surgeon is sent for—which surgeon is the celebrated Dr. Bernier. The first question asked by M. L'Ambert is—"Can you restore the missing part of my face?" "Oh, yes," replies the man of science; "that is no very difficult matter; and there are even three ways of doing it, among which you may choose. There is the French method, the Indian method, and the Italian. The first consists in cutting enough flesh for making a new nose out of your cheek, the second is borrowing it from your forehead, and the third from your arm." The notary is horror-struck at each of these propositions, and ready to drive the doctor out of the room at once. But the enthusiastic M. Bernier insists with plaintive eloquence:—"Do let me cut you a nose out of your arm." After long discussion, a compromise is arrived at. A poor wretch of a water-carrier, called Romagné, a fellow six feet high, with plenty of flesh, but not a penny in his pocket, is called up from the street, and after some gentle persuasion consents—damages, 2000 francs—to have a piece of flesh large enough for a nose cut out of his left arm, but not quite detached, and to be tied afterwards for the period of a month to the handsome notary, in such a manner that the fibres and blood-vessels may grow from the one body over to the other. The plan, carried out carefully, succeeds to perfection. At the end of less than five weeks the two Siamese twins are separated, and M. Alfred L'Ambert is enabled to go forth again into the world of Paris more good-looking than ever. Instead of a Roman, he has now a Grecian nose, which is greatly admired by the ladies as being both novel and of the most elegant shape. During a whole season, the lucky notary is the leading lion at the club and the green-room, and it is only when the winter sets in that fresh clouds appear on the horizon. The beautiful nose on a sudden takes a reddish tinge, and soon begins to look scarlet. Dr. Bernier, who is called in, tries palliatives, but in vain. After long and deep cogitation, the distinguished surgeon at last discovers the cause of the evil. It is the occult influence of Romagné over the nose made out of his own flesh. Romagné is sought for; and it is found that he has taken to drinking—the 2000 francs which he earned by the scientific operation having proved too great a temptation for him to remain at the water-cart. Fortunately, the money is spent now; and Romagné, promising to be sober for the future, is sent away with a blessing and a 5fr. piece. M. Alfred L'Ambert's nose for the next twelve months is all right. Once more, however, distress is looming in the future. The Greek nose one fine morning is found to be limp. Romagné is looked after immediately, and is discovered to be in a

dying state for want of food. Of course, he is transported on the instant to the mansion of M. L'Ambert, is nursed tenderly, and, like a healthy wretch, recovers in a few days. So, too, the nose gets well again; and its leaseholder, warned by repeated accidents, resolves finally to settle in life and keep an eye upon Romagné. These plans are soon ripe for execution. Mdlle. Irma Steimbourg, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, consents to give her hand to M. L'Ambert, and the marriage is fixed to take place on the 3rd of March, at one o'clock precisely.

On March 3rd, at eight o'clock in the morning, M. Alfred L'Ambert awakes from his slumbers, smiling at the first rays of a beautiful day. To clear up his ideas, he takes his *batist* handkerchief from under his pillow, and brings it to his nose. Good heavens! there is no nose—the handkerchief meets nothing but empty space.

With one bound the notary is out of bed and before his mirror. Horror of horrors! the day of Parthenay has come again. To run back to his bed, search the sheets and blankets, dive into the mattress, and explore the neighbouring furniture, is the work of a minute. But there is no nose.

Nothing! nothing! nothing!

The bell in an instant brings all the servants of the house together, and M. L'Ambert swears that he will turn the whole lot off like dogs unless they find his nose. They search as if frantic, but the nose cannot be found.

Meanwhile, M. Steimbourg, senior, has put on his gala dress, his blue habit with gold buttons; and Madame Steimbourg is busy surveying the toilet of the beautiful Irma, who is in the hands of two ladies'-maids and three dressmakers. The white bride, covered all over with rice-powder, like a gudgeon got ready for the frying-pan, stamps her pretty little foot for impatience, chiding all the people around her with admirable impartiality.

Having waited for half-an-hour beyond the time appointed for the ceremony, the bride at last hears the dreadful news. She has a heroic movement:—

"What! do you think," she exclaims, "that I should be so low and vulgar as to marry a man merely for the sake of his face? Had it been for that, I might have chosen my cousin Roderick, who is much better looking, though not so rich as M. L'Ambert. I have accepted the hand of M. L'Ambert because he is a real gentleman, in very good position; because his character, his hotel, his horses, his mind, his tailor, in fact everything about him, pleases and gratifies my feelings. Besides, I am now in full dress, quite ready to be married, and my reputation might suffer if the nuptials were to be put off. Do, mamma, let us go to M. L'Ambert; I will take him such as he is, for better, for worse."

But, arrived face to face with the bridegroom, the noble enthusiasm of the beautiful Irma vanishes at the instant. She is seen fainting away; and only regains consciousness to break out into a flood of tears, exclaiming, amidst her sobs, "Oh, Roderick, Roderick, how unjust I have been to you!"

The romance of the notary's nose ends by M. Alfred L'Ambert selling his extensive practice, retiring to a charming villa in the environs of Paris, and having a silver nose made for his daily use. One morning, in taking a walk, he runs against Romagné, whom Dr. Bernier has declared to be dead. "Wretch, where is my nose?" exclaims the excited notary. "Ah, sir, it was not my fault," rejoins the trembling water-carrier; "I got into a factory, and my left arm, being caught in the teeth of an iron wheel, was torn clean off. It happened early on the morning of the third of March."

MR. HOMERSHAM COX ON THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

The Institutions of the English Government: being an Account of the Constitution, Powers, and Procedure of its Legislative, Judicial, and Administrative Departments. With Copious References to Ancient and Modern Authorities. By Homersham Cox, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. (H. Sweet.)

MR. COX is known as an author of treatises on the Differential and Integral Calculus and on the British Commonwealth. On the basis of the latter essay he

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

has here constructed a larger and more comprehensive work, from which many of the subsidiary subjects already discussed are omitted, and in which room is thus left for a full and useful exposition of all the integral parts of the British Constitution. Most previous writers on this theme have either limited their attention to one section of it, as did Blackstone in his "Commentaries," or considered it mainly in its theoretical or historical aspects, as in the cases of De Lolme's treatise and the work by Dr. Fischel, lately noticed in this journal. Mr. Cox treads almost new ground in giving a compendious account of all the functions of our government, as they have been developed from generation to generation, and as they are now in force. It is scarcely praise to say that he has done well the work he has undertaken. He has made careful study of every direct or collateral source of information within his reach, has drawn together a mass of valuable information, and has arranged it in a way both scholarly and attractive.

"The foundation of political government," says Mr. Cox, "is the need of some supreme power in every civil community for the protection of the rights of its members;" and for the healthy exercise of this power it is necessary that it should have two separate functions—that of making laws and that of enforcing them, the legislative and the executive. When the executive power is divided into the judicial and administrative bodies, we have the three offices of government indicated by Aristotle, Montesquieu, and many other expositors of political science. "There are in every state," writes Montesquieu, "three sorts of powers: the legislative power, the executive power in matters relating to public rights, and the executive power in matters relating to civil rights. By the first the ruler makes temporary or permanent laws, and amends or abrogates existing laws. By the second he makes peace or war, sends or receives ambassadors, establishes public safety, and prevents invasions. By the third he punishes crimes or judges private disputes. This latter may be termed the judicial power, and the other simply the executive. When the legislative power is united to the executive in the same person or the same body of the magistracy, there can be no liberty; for there is always the danger that the monarch or senate will make tyrannical laws in order to execute them tyrannically. Neither can there be liberty if the judicial power be not separate from the legislative and executive. If it be joined to the legislative, the power over the lives and liberties of the citizens will be arbitrary, for the judge will be the legislator. If it be joined to the executive, the judge will have the power of oppression." The history of the Star Chamber is one out of a hundred instances of the evils caused by too much blending of the several functions of government; and it is by the overcoming of these that the English Constitution has attained its present strength.

The scheme of Mr. Cox's book may be presented in a few sentences. The legislature being the principal division of government, the supreme legislative power is, in the British Constitution, accorded to Parliament. Its enactments, unless nullified by time, are absolute; and the sovereign himself has only power to make or suspend laws by an Order in Council, to which the subsequent assent of both Houses must be obtained. The king has the constitutional right of biasing the decisions of the House of Lords by the sudden admission of new peers willing to vote according to his wishes; but this arrangement has of late years been abandoned as too clumsy and inconvenient. In former days the royal prerogative of dissolving Parliament provided a check to the movements of the Lower House. Now, however, the necessity for the prompt assembling of a new Parliament, and the tolerable fairness to which our representative system has been brought, have made this practice the most thoroughly democratic part of our constitution. The sovereign is still the nominal law-maker; but, from being the head of a small legislative council

in which his voice was absolute, he has gradually become, since the days of the Conquest, a mere signer of laws, to which he cannot venture to put a *veto*. Much less has his share in the executive been altered. He has still the right, subject to many restrictions by Acts of Parliament, of erecting courts of judicature, and with him yet rests the appointment of judges to do the work theoretically assigned to him. Since the time of the first three Edwards there has been but slight change in the fundamental divisions of the judicial power—namely, the three superior Courts of Common Pleas, King's Bench, and Exchequer, the Courts of Assize, the House of Lords as a Court of Review, the Court of Chancery, the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the Local Courts, including those of the justices in Quarter Sessions. These and collateral subjects are fully discussed by Mr. Cox in the second and longest portion of his work. In the third he enumerates and defines the chief administrative offices of government. The first and most important are the prerogatives and powers appertaining to the Crown, having to do with the establishment of police for maintaining the internal peace of the country, the raising and regulating of armies and navies for its public defence, the sending and receiving of ambassadors and negotiating of treaties for the preservation of its credit with foreign nations, the organization of machinery for collecting the public revenues, the regulating of blockades and embargoes, with other matters affecting the national trade, and the conferring of franchises to individuals or corporations. All these powers have, in the course of centuries, been more or less subjected to the guidance of Parliament—that is, of the people; and there are others, of more recent growth, in which the Crown has only nominal share. Such especially are the local governments of town and county corporations.

In traversing this extensive subject Mr. Cox, of course, makes some assertions and starts some hypotheses to which exception might be taken. Its general treatment is so excellent, however, and in the handling of each part so much learning and good sense are shown, that none but the most supercilious critic would care to complain of what may really be no faults at all. We have only room to give one or two instances of its merits.

Although differing from most other works of the class in being rather a scientific exposition of the British Constitution as it is at present than a historical account of its growth, Mr. Cox's work is especially to be praised for the clearness and compactness with which the development of each section of the subject is explained in it. Here is the story of a convenient political myth:—

The principle that "the king can do no wrong" can hardly be considered to have been established until long after the Constitution had assumed nearly its present form. The Norman Barons regarded their allegiance as a mere question of compact between themselves and the Crown, and in several cases directly withdrew it, or procured new terms by purchase or coercion. In the cases of Henry III., Edward II., and Richard II., the Barons virtually deprived the Crown of a large part of its power, and compelled the sovereign to accept their nominees as an administrative council. In each of these cases the same ceremonies were observed. A renunciation was procured from the king; articles of accusation were formally exhibited against him in Parliament; a judgment was given on these articles by the Lords; several prelates and others, appointed by the Lords and Commons commissioners for the purpose, publicly pronounced sentence of deposition in Parliament; the homage and fealty of all the estates of the realm were immediately afterwards resigned and redelivered to the king personally by procurators for the whole Parliament; and then, the throne being declared vacant, the title of the new king was recognised by Parliament.

The doctrine of personal responsibility of the sovereign seems perfectly consistent with the feudal law which then prevailed in Europe. In the celebrated *ordonnances* of St. Louis, a general judicial code enacted by Louis IX. of France in the thirteenth century, it is expressly laid down that, if a lord require his liege tenant to join him in making

war against the sovereign who has refused him justice, the liegeman shall go to the king and inquire if he so refuses justice. "And thereupon, if the king answers that he will do no judgment in his court, the man shall return immediately to his lord, and his lord shall equip him and fit him out at his own expense; and, if he will not go with him, he shall lose his fief by right."

Apparently the first statute in which a divine right by inheritance to the crown is declared is the Act 25 Hen. VIII., c. 22, which declares that "the Bishop and the See Apostolic, contrary to the great and inviolable grants of jurisdiction given by God immediately to emperors, kings, and princes, in succession to their heirs, hath presumed in times past to invest those who should please them to inherit other men's kingdoms and dominions." . . . Authorities and precedents clearly show that in feudal times (in the cases of Edward II. and Richard II.) the Lords Spiritual and Temporal have assumed a right to pronounce judgment against the king and to redeliver to him their homage; that (in the case of Charles I.) the House of Commons has erected a tribunal for judging the king; that (in the case of James II.) the Lords have initiated, and the whole Parliament concurred in, the appointment of a successor to the king upon his abdication; and, lastly (in the case of George III.), the Parliament has, upon the mental incapacity of the king, delegated his power to a regent.

It is worthy of observation that the maxim that "the king can do no wrong" was understood originally in a sense different from that now applied to it. The ancient meaning of the maxim manifestly was that the king was not capable of committing any injury which could be redressed by the ordinary process of the courts of law. In modern times the maxim has been adopted in a more extended and more important sense—namely, that the king is not personally responsible for his political acts, but that the responsibility of them is attached to his advisers. This principle may be considered the keystone of the existing constitution of this country. It has had the two-fold effect of increasing the security of the Crown, by averting from the sovereign the odium of unpopular acts of government, and of increasing the power of Parliament, by enabling it, by its power over ministers of the Crown, to correct or restrain maladministration.

Of the three sections into which Mr. Cox's book is divided, that detailing the duties and responsibilities of the legislature is perhaps most valuable for its summing up of the results of much reading among varied and contradictory authorities in a little space; while the account of the administrative government is specially noteworthy for its information on subjects little understood and nowhere properly explained.

NEW VOLUMES OF POEMS.

Behind the Veil; and other Poems. By the Hon. Roden Noel. (Macmillan & Co.)

Poems. By Jean Ingelow. (Longman & Co.)

Songs of Evening. By Cecilia Elizabeth Meeker. (Booth.)

THE principal poem in Mr. Roden Noel's volume may be described as a mystico-philosophical poem. It is entitled "Behind the Veil," and is 190 pages long. It consists of a short Prologue and two Parts—the First Part complete in one book or metrical section, the Second Part divided into four books or metrical sections. Mr. Noel has prefixed to each division of the poem an explanatory prose-argument; and we cannot do better than reprint here continuously these pieces of prose-argument, so as to exhibit, in the author's own words, the total scope of the poem:—

PROLOGUE.

Argument.

Scope of the Poem twofold—to give, first, some hints concerning the unseen Divine Order. Secondly, a glimpse of the Progress of Divine Order in the World.

Part I.—THE ORDER OF THE UNSEEN.

Argument.

1. Vision of a Cone as type of the Universe—generally described—girt by Not-Being—the Absolute its Base—In the first Circle—the Logos as Ideal of all Existence—keeping Individuals within their Ideals by His Spirit. 2. A broad threefold division of the higher Spiritual orders. 3. Some

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

general Principles applicable to them—alone—and in common with Human Spirits. 4. The First order consisting of Redeemed Spirits—Evil as modifying the Divine order—Earthly Love in connexion with Heavenly. 5. The Second order—a pure maidenly spirit—Music in these spheres. 6. The Third order. 7. The maiden Spirit coming near sings of pure Spirits—their Day and their Night. 8. The active work of Redeemed Spirits. 9. The Fall of pure Spirits—Men—Devils.

Part II.—PROGRESS OF DIVINE ORDER IN THE WORLD.

Book I.—THIS PRESENT WORLD. Argument.

1. Ministering Spirits—this World as they see it. 2. Tyranny. 3. Priestcraft and Superstition. 4. Society and its Morals. 5. Its Deformity unveiled. 6. A Good beneath—discerned and fostered by Love.

Book II.—“BROKEN LIGHTS.” Argument.

1. Progressive Scope of Humanity. 2. Exemplified in a Vision of Great Representative Religions—each embodying some “Broken Light” of Truth. 3. Indian Worship—the Host of Heaven—a Trinity—Sacrifice—Self-Absorption. 4. Persian Worship—Good and Evil. 5. Egyptian—the Incarnate One. 6. Grecian—Beauty. 7. Roman—Order—Law. 8. Scandinavian—Courage—Strength. 9. Truths all centering in Christ—Incarnate in Judea. 10. Idolatries destroyed by His Presence.

Book III.—PROGRESS. Argument.

1. Discouragements—Weakness of Human Nature, &c. 2. Despotism abroad. 3. Guided by the pure maiden Spirit, I am led to a Scene of Misery at Home—Signs of better things—Sympathy of Classes. 4. Political Progress abroad—Naples—Garibaldi. 5. A Vision of great future Strife—issuing in the Liberation of Venice, and Progress for other Races. 6. The Spirit, as a Pledge of final Triumph won for the Race, opens up a Vision of Christ risen by the Sea of Galilee.

Book IV.—THE FUTURE. Argument.

1. Progress toward an Ideal Social State. 2. Involving a higher Physical Organism, and fuller control over Nature. 3. The lower Animals. 4. A Vision of the Future—a City by the Sea—its Landscape. 5. Active Life. 6. Victory of Love secured by long Strife. 7. A World-Federalty, involving no loss of Individual Elements. 8. The City. 9. Nature-Spirits. 10. The Cathedral—Worship. 11. Commerce, &c. 12. An Aristocracy—its Character. 13. The Scene by Sunset and Moonlight. 14. A Maiden (embodiment of Purity) leading a Lion and a Lamb (Strength and Tenderness at one). 15. Picture of Home—Life at Christmas-time. 16. Death.

Off-hand, after reading merely this prose-analysis of the poem, one might pronounce the poem itself to be, in its aim and matter, an undertaking utterly against the very nature of poetry, and therefore necessarily and by a foredoom a failure. It is not in the nature of poetry to succeed in any such prolonged systematic exposition of the universal law and sequence of things, to set forth any such philosophical concatenation of suggestions and reasonings about all things and sundry. There was nothing against which Goethe—the wisest critic in matters of art and poetry that ever lived—so constantly and emphatically warned young poets as the tendency to the professedly abstract and philosophical, and especially to the abstract and philosophical on a large scale. “Be specific, be definite,” was the sum of his warnings; “express some single feeling, or some little tissue of feeling; conceive and describe some incident, scene, or character; tell, if you will, some longish story; nay, if a little allegory, with some occult meaning, occurs to you, body that forth, if you care to do so, in some pleasing or impressive form; but abstain from plunging into the sea of all things with a view to a metrical equivalent for a system of universal philosophy.” Off-hand, we say, any rapidly-judging person, after reading Mr. Noel’s prose-analysis of his poem, “Behind the Veil,” would conclude that he had either never read any of these sage advices of Goethe, or had failed to benefit by them, and would, therefore, even before trying the poem, have a pre-

possession against it. Recollecting, however, how much of poetry there is which the world has felt itself obliged to accept and admire, notwithstanding its apparent contradiction to Goethe’s rule—parts of Shelley, parts of Dante, nay parts of Goethe’s own poetry—one might struggle against this prepossession, and proceed, in as kindly a temper as possible, to read Mr. Noel’s poem. We are sorry to say the result will still be the conclusion that Mr. Noel might have devised a far more profitable exercise for his poetic talent. Almost as soon as one has begun the poem one is in an element, not only without flooring, but without shape, sight, sound, or anything tangible, solid, or intelligible. Mr. Noel, indeed, holds out a promise in his prologue, and in part explains what he is to try to do. He says:—

Herein by symbol picturing
Some shadows have I striven to bring
Of Truth Eternal—faltering,
If by such means I might assist
Myself and others in the quest
Of that one Truth which underlies
Mere sense and argued subtleties.
Amid the shifting hopes of life,
Its loud turmoils, its dubious strife,
The soul pants thirsty to secure
Some draught whose lifespring shall endure,
And eager seizes every clue
That points toward such fountain true.
But let none think that I could dare
To deem, presumptuous, I might bare
That Truth itself, by images
Drawn from mere sense, as needful is:
The truth most touching us we seize
In love, in act; yet good are these
Handmaids of Thought to throw a light
Before upon the path of Right.
And if the whole great Universe
Be one—harmonious, though diverse—
With God for centre—even Sense
Is luminous with that intense
Sun-centre: its texture He informs
With pictures of Substantial Forms,
And Man, who touches either pole
Of God and Nature, with the soul
Such types in Nature may discern
That by their fuel he shall burn
More inward upward unto God.

The vision is twofold—I mean
Eternal Order of the Unseen
Humbly to strive hint at the first;
Next how that Order, tho’ dispersed
On earth and ruffled as the sun,
Lake-shrined, is shivered by a stone,
Yet gathers through the ages sure
Its scattered Image more and more,
Even as the tremulous waters grow
Silent and calm, tho’ smoothing slow,
To orb him full who lives serene
And e’er would shrine his glorious mien.

Now this is itself intelligible—the meaning is even fine; but, when we move on a page or two into the poem itself, the promised symbols, or images of sense, which are to adumbrate to us the Eternal Truth, are so vague, so featureless, so undecipherable by the eye or the fancy, so absolutely without power of leaving any distinct impression on the memory for two minutes consecutively, that we feel ourselves as in a world of nowhere, only conscious that some images are said to be moving overhead or around, which the poet himself is seeing and about which he is discoursing metrically, while we, in vacuity, listen. Take, for example, the opening “Vision of a Cone as Type of the Universe:”—

A Vision to mine inner eyes
Was opened out on such a wise—
As faint type of the Universe
This Image did my thought traverse.
Cone of unequal lusted beam
Depends with many coloured gleam,
With base what seems a boundless Sun,
Too ardent far to look upon,
And dark with such excess of light,
Enshrouded all with utter night;
Save at the primal circle bulge;
For here that splendour doth divulge
Itself, and girt with sable dense
Abates that ardour so intense,
As the white heat of molten glass
Dim cools in streaming from the mass.

Of narrowing spheres it is compact,
All fair, but as they down contract,
Less brilliant, with a fainter power
The smaller living circle’s dower,
Darkness that swathes them to illumine;
For while wide halos float the gloom,
And keep it far away with awe
In zones above, yet nearer draw
Those tides as deeper downward grows
That living cone; and toward the close
Where with a solid jewel tip
Within the void it seems to dip,
There darkness brimming smothers round
To quench the spark in utter sward.
Tho’ all the spheres have varied hues,
The higher in the lower lose
Their own by intermediate shades,
More rare than blending rainbow grades.
So down from yon Dayspring profound
Grows less ethereal every round,
Less subtle, electrical, and pure;
Tho’ the one Energy endure,
Of all the ever-active soul.
With one eternal pulse of light
The clouding crystal hues unite,
That permeates tremulous delicate,
While in the midst ’tis concentrate
An inmost Heart: essential Life
That sprouts the forms wherewith ’tis rife
In stage successive; and the glow
Where earliest forms of glory grow
Hath lustre like a westering sun
We just can bear to gaze upon.
Now shapes transcendent I discern,
Which do with mildest ardour burn,
And seem in myriads fair to flower
From that fecund broad stem of power:
This radiates from its diamond spring
These roseate shadows on the wing;
Their swims, their swerves, their poise of grace,
Ere tremulous they interlace
With sweetest warblings, these engender
This morn-hued pulsing full and tender,
Most like the fleecy glow that stirs
On grotto roof, when something blurs
A water-gleam that lies beneath;
So thrills the living spirit wreath.

Now we defy any one to see this cone, the initial symbol of the poem, and from which the whole of the sequel in a manner emanates. The cone, as we strive in fancy to see it, appears a slender thing, almost colourless, or like clouded or pinkish glass, and depending, as it were, from a vault of sky infinitely larger than itself; and the healthy imagination utterly refuses to accept such an image, on any terms, as an adequate symbol of the Universal. Moreover, it is only after the intensest effort that one makes out how the poet conceives the cone to be situated as regards the eye—whether, in the first place, it is to be imaged horizontally or imaged vertically; and, in the second place, whether, imaging it vertically, we are to fancy it depending from its apex or from its base. This made out, the rest is still vague—the “transcendent shapes” moving in the cone, and clouding or colouring it with their tremulous motions, &c. What the poet himself saw in the image he fails to convey; and we move forward from this first vision of the cone utterly unprepared by any vision of our own for what he is to evolve from his vision. And so, throughout, eye, fancy, and memory are alike balked. There is no history, according to the human or to any conceivable mode; there is no logic—not even the subtle logic of feeling and imagination—in the succession of the phantasmagories. Towards the end of the poem, indeed, some of the individual phantasmagories, having a positive historical reference—as those about Italy, modern priestcraft, and Garibaldi—are intelligible enough; but, unless the reader can be content with such occasional gleams of something substantial upon his fancy, or with the dissertations and philosophizings which the author keeps up, he still feels himself in an element visually unintelligible, and, so far as objects float before him at all, perplexed by a succession of them for which he cannot account. In short, but for the prose-argument which Mr. Noel has prefixed to each book of his poem, it would be impossible, in most parts, to gather his drift or intellectual intention. This is not as it should be. A poem should be self-explaining;

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

or, if we allow that there may be legitimate mysticism in a poem—an occasional whirl of confused object, dazzling light, and colour—still the eye and the memory should retain something positive out of the blaze. The two tests of real merit in any poem or other literary work are—its power to stir the whole mind and being as it is read, and its power to deposit in the memory, or burn into the memory, some distinct impression that will last; and perhaps the first test is included in the second. Things are remembered in the ratio of their interest or fitness to be remembered.

We regret to have had this to say of the principal poem in what, we believe, is the first published volume of a new poet. For, even on the evidence of this poem—and the passages we have cited may, notwithstanding the critical remarks amid which we have inserted them, be taken as proofs—Mr. Noel is a man of fine mind, of high and graceful thoughts, and of that kind of faculty which we usually term genius. There is a beautiful and serious vein in him. Among the smaller poems in the present volume—not a few of which are liable, though in a less degree, to objections of the same kind as we have made to the chief one—there are some which would prove to the most ordinary critic the possession of real power, both of thought and of expression. From these we shall make but one extract, and it shall be of a kind quite different from the passages already quoted. It is the beginning of a poem called "Clever People:"—

De Daggers was under the inspiration :
He mused on the falsehood of women and men ;
When into his room there burst John Bustle—
"How d'ye do?—we are late—quick—put down the pen!"
Then he carried the poor poet off in a Hansom,
Who looked dreary, as though his heart were broke—
Lady C. has a villa, excessively charming,
Not too far out of town, but just out of the smoke.
And each week she gives sought-after breakfasts,
Where the gentlemen come in their straw-coloured gloves
And their shining boots, and the ladies dress airily—
'Mid bright flowers each Watteau-automaton moves.
Though under that tree there, away from the strollers,
Some more earnest converse is, I think, taking place
Than the "Dear me! how pretty!" "What a taste Lady Gules has!"
"See, the Colonel has never once left Mrs. Lace!"
But there, there is pressing of hands—go, cavedropper!
See, Bustle is hurrying along through the crowd
Of loungers, who squeeze up their eyes round their eyeglass!
With so well-bred a stare, other men would be cowed.
"Ah! there's Lady C.!"—a faint die-away greeting,
With her head, the great lady vouchsafes to his bow;
"I have brought young De Daggers, my friend, as you wished me,
"Who wrote that fine 'Lunatic Bloodhound's Bow-wow.'"
"Oh, yes, 'twas so pretty!—I trust every Friday—
"Mr. Staggers, take one of those ices, I pray—
"Tis so hot!—you will come, let me hope, every Friday—
"Do you sing?—no?—ah, then, I can see that you play."
But the lady could talk on æsthetics and morals,
Though you felt she was mocking when most solemn-toned:
Her Be-all and End-all the world's estimation:
Let them say, "She is clever; but quite femme du monde!"
Her nature had fossilized long in the worldly:
She said, "Twill be well to go out with the child."

He stood still by the lake, with its evening reflections;
She looked in—at her image—mouthed "Glorious!" and smiled.

The tone of sarcasm and of scorn of the conventional world which appears here, breaks out, even to bitterness and fierceness, every now and then throughout the volume. We are not sure but that Mr. Noel might do well to write more in this key, if it were only that he might be brought out of the mystical and the metaphysical. But, better, we think, that he should do justice to his fine talents and high tendencies of feeling by setting himself to imagine incidents and scenes, and tell stories of distinct human interest.

Miss Ingelow's volume consists of some twenty pieces, chiefly lyrical, though some are narratives in lyrical form, under such titles as "Divided," "Honours," "Supper at the Mill," "Afternoon at a Parsonage," "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire (1571)," "Songs of Seven." The first poem is the one entitled "Divided;" and here are its opening stanzas:—

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.
Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.
Flusheth the rise with her purple favour,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
Twist the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.
We two walk till the purple dieth
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

The little green streak thus seen at a distance on the down is a tiny little beck or streamlet; and the notion of the poem is that, when the two lovers have come up to this streamlet, one of them steps across it—that then they walk on, one on each side, still quite near each other—but that, as the stream widens, the distance between them becomes greater and greater, till, at length, where the wide river approaches the sea, they can no longer even behold each other on the far-separated banks. Here is the end of the lyric:—

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
The river hasteth, her banks recede:
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
Bear down the lily and drown the reed.
Stately prows are rising and bowing
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.
While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side.
Farther, farther—I see it—know it—
My eyes brim over, it melts away:
Only my heart to my heart shall show it
As I walk desolate day by day.
And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea better—e'en better than I love him.
And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth for ever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

This is a very good sample of what is most pleasing in the volume throughout. Miss Ingelow has a particularly good talent for melodious rhythm and cadence; the expression is also careful and graceful; and the cast of thought superior, and, on the whole, pensive and meditative, with a dash of speculation not commonplace, if not strong. One of the pieces we like best is "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire (1571)." It is an impressive English legend, lyrically told, with quaint snatches of rhyming refrain interspersed, after the manner of some of the old Elizabethan songs. On the whole, what we miss in Miss Ingelow's poems is that kind of compression which results in strength.

Where there is so much that is flowing and musical, there are few of those passages—the consummation of lyrical power—that pierce one at once between the joints of the harness, and remain permanently in the heart and memory. We have a notion that Miss Ingelow's fluency in lyrical verse leads her to weaken her poems by making them always too long. Not a few in the present volume would be better if shorter. As we have said, the composition is throughout that of a person of careful culture and taste; but we have noticed at least one rhyme of the kind which our cultivated English poets eschew with horror as being rhyme only according to the vicious Cockney pronunciation of English:—

He smiled as if he felt its charm,
And with his labour-hardened palm,
Pushed, &c.

Miss Meeker's volume, though only about half as large as Miss Ingelow's, contains more than twice as many poems. They are mostly very short. One of them is a translation from Lamartine; another is a translation from Schiller; and there are some six or seven pieces "from the German" besides. The original pieces have such titles as these—"Passing away," "Love's First Unkindness," "The Question," "Out of the Past," "The Barque of Life," "Moss Roses," "Last Words." They are almost all in a somewhat monotonous strain of tender melancholy—hence, probably, the title for the volume, "*Songs of Evening*." The theme throughout is love's sorrows, more especially the sorrow of love parted from its object. The following may be given as a specimen:—

A QUESTION.

What shall be done with all the broken chains,
The squander'd love, the friendships lost and riven,
Whose record life's brief page so deeply stains?
What shall be done with all these things in heaven?
Shall there be no remembrance, and no fruit
Of vain affections and forgotten ties?
Must feelings, crush'd and bound, be ever mute,
And have no answer, even in the skies?
Must those, whom fate or frailty sever'd here,
Part also in the life that knows no end?
Or, shall the hour which makes our darkness clear
Restore lost hearts, and give back friend to friend?
Ah! if 'tis only human to forget,
And if the angels have all love in keeping,
What radiant consolation waits us yet
On that bright shore we cannot see for weeping!

As will be seen from this specimen, the poems are not of a kind actually required or strongly demanded by the world. But what poems would stand this test? Miss Meeker's muse is, at least, sweet and tender; and those, more especially of the gentler sex, who are in the right state of sentiment to be her readers will feel themselves both moved and soothed by her verses.

MR. BOYLE ON THE BOOK OF DANIEL.

The Inspiration of the Book of Daniel; and other portions of Holy Scripture: with a correction of Profane and an adjustment of Sacred Chronology. By W. R. A. Boyle, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister. (Rivingtons.)

"NE sutor ultra crepidam." This is a very well-meant attempt. It may be even called highly creditable to one who is not professionally a scholar or a theologian. It shows a good deal of reading, a certain amount of thought, some ingenuity, and an abundance of pious intention; but we do not hesitate to call it, even from the point of view from which it is written, a mistake. The writer has neither the scholarship to understand, nor the logic to apply aright, the notices from ancient writers on which the subject whereof he treats depends. His Hebrew is very weak, and is in the main taken second-hand from Hengstenberg. His Greek and Latin are of the rustiest, and his

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

notion of *critique* such as schoolboys entertained in the first quarter of the present century. He imagines that he has kept pace with modern historical and philological inquiry; but, in point of fact, his knowledge of such matters is a mere smattering, and in almost every page he may be observed floundering out of his depth. These are hard words, we admit, and require justification in detail, if the critic would not lay himself open to the charge of captiousness or ill-nature.

First, then, let us take the point of Greek and Latin scholarship. When, on turning his pages, we find an author speak of *Phidenæ* (p. 161), of *Attilius Regulus* (p. 306), of *Borsippus* (pp. 37, 45, &c.), of *Zuth* or *Zeuth* (p. 382) for *Xuthus*, of *Ptolemy Claudius* (p. 433), and the like, we at once suspect that his scholarship is not of a high order. Straws show the set of the wind; and these little inaccuracies in common matters are just what a scholar can no more be guilty of than a gentleman can commit solecisms in the commonest points of good breeding. In this instance, the suspicions raised at the first glance by such patent errors are plentifully confirmed as we read on, and come upon "the bridge Sublicius" (p. 312), *Cælo-Syria*" (pp. 151, 206, 210, and *passim*), "*Minerva Chalcidæa*, or *Athené Chalcidæus*" (p. 443), "*Dicearchia*" (p. 534), "*Molossis*" (p. 444), &c. After such blunders we are not surprised to find *πάμφαγον* translated "voracious" (p. 124) instead of omnivorous, *σαμβυκιστρίαι* called "performances" instead of "performers" (p. 58), *propinquitas* rendered "neighbourhood" (p. 122) where it means "kindred," and "*ἱαννας τοὺς Ἑλληνας λέγουσιν*" Englished by "they call the Iannes Hellenes," instead of "they call the Hellenes Iannæ" (p. 383). We may smile, but we can feel no astonishment at the grave statement that "*διενοήθη*, being in the aorist form, cannot possibly express the having had a design which was then laid aside"—that being exactly what the aorist form most naturally signifies; while the puzzled remark, "Arnold's and some other editions have *ὡς βασιλέα ἐσπέμπει* for *ἐς βασιλέα*—but this seems incorrect" (p. 436), enables us to gauge with a near approach to accuracy the depth, or rather the shallowness, of our author's classical knowledge. Apparently, he is not acquainted with so common an idiom as the substitution of *ὡς* for *ἐς* or *εἰς*—"when it expresses a proper motion," and "especially with living objects." (See *Matthiæ*, § 578, *h.*; *Viger de Idiotismis*, viii., § 16; &c.)

By luck, rather than by management, it seems to have happened that Mr. Boyle's historical statements are not very often rendered erroneous by his ignorance of the classical languages. We must, however, take exception to the matter of the following passage, which professes to be a translation from Megasthenes: "Nebuchadnezzar, having become more powerful than Hercules, invaded Libya and Iberia (*the Asiatic country of this name, not Spain*); and, when he had rendered them tributary, extended his conquests over the inhabitants upon the right of the sea." Where to Mr. Boyle appends the remark, "Here allusion is evidently made to the conquest of the Tyrians" (p. 81). Now the passage quoted by Eusebius from Abydenus is the following:—*Μεγαθένης δὲ φησι Ναβουκοδρόσορον Ἑρακλέος ἀλκιμώτερον γεγονότα ἐπὶ τῇ Λιβύῃ καὶ Ἰβηρίῃ στρατεύσαι, ταύτας δὲ χειρωσάμενον, ἀπὸ δασμον αὐτέων εἰς τὰ δεξιὰ τοῦ Πόντου κατοικήσαι.* And the true meaning of the passage is, that "Megasthenes said, that Nebuchadnezzar, having proved himself more valiant than Hercules, invaded Libya and Iberia (Spain); and, when he had reduced them, planted a portion of the inhabitants on the right of the Euxine." The statement of Megasthenes plainly was that Nebuchadnezzar conquered Africa and Spain; after which he transported some of the Spaniards (Iberians) to the right (east) of the Pontus (Euxine), and there gave them settlements. The passage contains not the slightest allusion to the Tyrians. The idea is that the Eastern or Asiatic Iberians were a forced colony from the Western or European Iberia,

and that Nebuchadnezzar was the conqueror who made the transfer of population.

While we are upon the subject of scholarship it may be as well to note that Mr. Boyle's *English* is occasionally somewhat questionable. The names of instruments, we are told, are often "*onomapoetic*" (p. 58), an adjective very irregularly formed from "*onomatopeia*," a well-known figure of speech. Other barbarisms are "*quadru-partite*" for "*quadripartite*" (p. 150), "*em-bolismic*" for "*intercalary*" (p. 641), and "*affinitives*" for "*affinity*" (p. 55, note)—a mistake which occurs repeatedly.

Altogether, Mr. Boyle is not strong in the matter of language. His notions of comparative philology are more crude and contradictory than we should have supposed possible in a man of ordinary education living in the second half of the nineteenth century. It is not, perhaps, very surprising that he holds to the old belief of Latin being derived from Greek (p. 311), though the labours of Donaldson, Aufrecht, Brandis, Max Müller, and others have long since shown that theory to be untenable. But he gravely tells us that Persian "bears a close affinity to Hebrew" (pp. 310, 311); that Greek is "a branch of the Indo-Phœnician stock" (*ibid.*); that the Babylonians and Egyptians were "both derived from an Assyrian source" (p. 87); that "the Shemitish (*sic*) and Greek languages bore a common relation to an older tongue" (p. 47); and, finally (*ibid.*), that "this (tongue?) has since received the appellation of the *Aryan race*!"!! Apparently not aware that he is running counter to the whole stream of modern opinion on the subject, he complacently remarks (p. 50) that his views are supported by the "concurrent testimony of the most learned philologists." The crude speculations of such antiquated writers as Bryant, Mitford, and Sir William Jones represent to Mr. Boyle the last results of modern philological science. Individually, he has evidently not advanced beyond them; and, though he makes a display of acquaintance with later authors, yet he has evidently failed to comprehend the entire spirit of the recent research, which draws the broadest possible line between the Semitic and the Arian, the Hebræo-Arabic and the Indo-European races and tongues.

By the way, may we ask from which of his "learned philologists" Mr. Boyle derived the piece of information which he kindly gives us (p. 59)—that "guitar" is in German *Guitare*, and in Italian *Citharra*? We always imagined that the correspondent terms were *Zither* and *Chitarra*.

Mr. Boyle plunges into the philological wilderness chiefly for the purpose of showing that the supposed Greek words in Daniel are not Greek at all, but genuine Hebrew. He presents us with a list of nine words as having been challenged (pp. 52, 53); but, of these, four only are regarded as Greek by De Wette. Two of them (*kitharos* and *sabka*) may be fairly regarded as Oriental names of instruments adopted by the Greeks. But it requires special pleading of a very refined character to make out a case in regard to the other two words, *psanterin* and *sumphoniayah*. Why should an advocate for the genuineness of Daniel hesitate to allow that these are the Oriental equivalents of purely Greek terms, *ψαλτήριον* (from *ψάλλειν*) and *συμφωνία* (from *σύν* and *φωνεῖν*), and that they were names of Greek instruments which at a very early date became articles of commerce, and passed from the Levant to lower Mesopotamia, carrying with them their Greek appellations? Even De Wette allows it to be possible that Greek instruments and their names were known at Babylon in the age assigned to Daniel. (*Eimleitung in d. Alt. Test.*, § 255 *b.*) And the Assyrian inscriptions show a close intercourse between Assyria and the Greeks of Cyprus from the time of Sargon (B.C. 721).

With regard to the puerility of Mr. Boyle's *critique*, it will be enough to remark that he places the history of Herodotus and Xenophon's Romance of the Cyropædia on a par as authorities for Oriental history (p. 33); while he considers that Berosus is an author

who cannot claim to be put in competition with either of the two Greeks (p. 35). He has a profound respect for John Malala, or "John Malala of Antioch," as he calls him—apparently confounding him with the later historian, who is known as "John of Antioch." He regards Livy's Roman History as authentic from first to last; and gravely repeats as undoubted facts the story of the Horatii and Curiatii (p. 312), of Horatius Cocles (*ibid.*), of Mucius Sævola (p. 313), of Coriolanus (p. 309), and of M. Curtius! (p. 306). He accepts the tale that the Macedonians were sprung from the Argives (p. 370); and then tells us in confidence that the Argives were *Ionians*. In one place he even appears to view the whole story of the Trojan war, in its Homeric garb, as plain matter of fact; for, after relating the silly tale which Q. Curtius tells of the death of Betis, he says—"Thus perished this magnanimous eunuch, the real hero of Gaza, leaving to Alexander the despicable boast of having imitated the Grecian warrior, from whom he claimed descent, in that most degraded act of his life, when Achilles dragged the dead body of Hector round the walls of Troy" (p. 414).

Unlike some recent writers, Mr. Boyle sets a high value upon the researches and discoveries of our modern Orientalists, and endeavours to interweave into the substance of his work the results of their labours. But he is very ill-informed on these important matters, as the following mistakes will show. In p. 100 he speaks of the "*Babylonian sculptures*" as exhibiting the fan and golden cup in combination, where the reference is clearly to the *Assyrian* sculptures of Nimrud, Koyunjik, and Khorsabad. There are, in point of fact, scarcely any "*Babylonian sculptures*," and certainly none representing the king with his attendant fan-bearer and cup-bearer. In p. 114 Mr. Boyle says—"Among the sculptured monuments of the Assyrians, adopted by the Babylonians, none are more remarkable than the winged human-headed lion and bull." This is an assumption quite contrary to the evidence—the winged human-headed lion and bull being (so far as appears at present) purely Assyrian, and not Babylonian, emblems. In p. 37, note, Borsippa (called Borsippus) is said to be regarded by Col. Rawlinson as "the ancient capital of Shinar"—a position which that learned Orientalist always assigns to Ur (Mugheir) and not to Borsippa. In p. 145 we are told that "the leopard was a favourite subject of representation in Babylonia"—whereas the fact is that no Babylonian remains exhibit it, and that it is rare even in the monuments of Assyria. In p. 90 we are informed that the threefold clothing of the Babylonians, mentioned by Herodotus and Daniel, is "found depicted on Babylonian cylinders"—the truth being that on those works of art only two of the three garments can be traced. Again, from a note on p. 132 we gather that Mr. Boyle has mistaken one of the ordinary symbolical figures (*genii*?) at Pasargadæ for a "figure of Cyrus"—a blunder which could scarcely have been made by any one who had given a week of attentive study to the Assyrian and Persepolitan monuments. We might enlarge this list; but we have probably said enough to justify in the minds of all candid readers our original assertion that Mr. Boyle's knowledge on these points is a mere "smattering," quite insufficient to justify his attempt to enlighten the world respecting them.

The only portion of Mr. Boyle's work which appears to us of any real value is his explanation of the famous prophecy of the "Seventy Weeks" (pp. 420–656). Without professing to be convinced by his arguments, we regard them as entitled to the attention of commentators and chronologists. The subject is treated with fulness, with great knowledge of the views taken by others, and with some acuteness and ingenuity; and the four chapters in which it is discussed are worth the consideration of all who take an interest in the *minutiæ* of prophetic interpretation.

G. R.

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

NOTICES.

Christian Missions: their Agency and their Results. By T. M. Marshall. (Longman, Green, & Co. Two Volumes. Pp. 644 and 479.)—ALTHOUGH the title of this book is scarcely so misleading as was that of the pamphlet written a few years ago by Mr. Ruskin "On the Construction of Sheep-folds," which puzzled the brains of many a farmer Hodge till he discovered that the contents of his purchase had no earthly reference to sheep-farming, still there is a sense of something equivocal in the name "Christian Missions" when the reader discovers that T. W. M. Marshall is a Roman Catholic, who avers stoutly that the only successful missionaries have issued from the bosom of his own church, and that the labours of Protestant Europe and America have hitherto been characterized by utter failure. According to Mr. Marshall the whole Protestant system is one grand mistake; and he draws a most deplorable picture of its social and religious results in Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and England. The following contrast of the respective missionary systems will prove rather startling to Protestants:—"It is, perhaps, worthy of observation, and it is the first point in the contrast which we shall trace hereafter in all its details, that, while the Protestant societies of England alone consume, according to the *Times*, about half-a-million per annum, and one of them forty thousand pounds, in purely domestic expenditure, the entire administration of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the sole missionary organization of the Catholic Church—including 'travelling expenses, salaries, office-expenses, rent, registers, and postage of the correspondence with missions over the whole globe'—cost, in the year 1858, rather less than sixteen hundred pounds." According to our author, also, all the millions of tracts and bibles which we have printed and distributed over the world have been worse than useless; and our missionaries have too much of their time occupied in looking after the material welfare of their wives and families to devote themselves earnestly to the grand work of missionary enterprise. He regards the celibacy of the clergy as necessary for the true performance of spiritual functions, and points to "St. Paul as the great exemplar of Christian missionaries." Regarded from the Roman Catholic point of view, this book, now in the second edition, commands respect from its industry, research, and ability.

The Kingdom and the People; or, the Parables of Our Lord Jesus Christ Explained and Illustrated. With a Preface by the Rev. Edward Garbett, M.A., Incumbent of St. Bartholomew's, Gray's Inn Road. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.)—MR. GARBETT tells us that this book is intended especially for "young women during that critical period in which the character is in process of formation, and the principles are being acquired;" and he claims for its authoress the praise that she "treads with a firm and prudent foot on the ground which lies between the comparative poverty of thought inseparable from publications suitable to childhood on the one side, and the elaborate explanations of a formal theology on the other," and that "the execution of her task is equally marked by sound information, without any taint of pedantry, and fervent piety, without any admixture of effeminate sentiment." The book certainly is calculated to tone down any enthusiastic or gushing young person of either sex, its whole purport being, "Get up, you lazy or careless person, and set about some work for good in a common-sense way—teaching, visiting, conquering your own will and bad dispositions, or something of the kind." But the order is given in a somewhat cold tone—more, we think, as from one who feels that she and her fellow-Christians are not even hired servants, but purchased slaves (as she says), and therefore bound to leave no part of their whole duty undone, than of one who works rejoicingly in the light of a great Father's love. The parts of the book that we value most are the illustrations of the Parables by the deeds and lives of good men. The authoress groups together two or three Parables teaching the same lesson, or takes only one, comments on the group or the single Parable, and then gives instances of the truth taught working itself out in act. For instance, under the Parable of the Leaven, she shows how the Gospel has worked in Sierra Leone, New Zealand, &c.; and then gives shortly the life of one of Arnold's pupils, Henry Watson Fox, a serious boy, whom the "Life of Henry Martyn" (his leaven) made wish to be a missionary at school, and who afterwards must leave them all—the English home and woods and blue-eyed

children—for the ten million Telugus in the centre of India. Among them he worked four years; lost his wife and youngest child on the voyage home; went out again after six months' rest; was soon sent back, and shortly died, from working too zealously for the Church Missionary Society; but in his death he joyed that he should meet Henry Martyn among the saints. The accounts of missionary labour, both abroad and at home, are freely quoted; and the poorest are shown, by the example of ragged-school learners and teachers, that they can do something. "There is sure to be something for you to do, if you will only look for it; and, if you once engage in it, from the one great constraining motive of love to Christ, and do it with your whole heart, you will never repent it, whatever sacrifices it may require at your hands." As a simple, earnest call to practical effort, this book will be of much value.

The Old Lieutenant and his Son. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of her Majesty's Chaplains, Editor of "Good Words," &c. (Strahan & Co. Pp. 401.)—"THE Old Lieutenant and his Son" is, in its character of story or novel, as genuine a piece of literature as anything which has issued from the press of late years. This is speaking rather emphatically; but, if to realize for us with the vividness of life itself men and women and children whose forms and faces we come to know, and whose speech and thought and every peculiarity become dearly familiar to us, implies the gift of literature, then Dr. Macleod is assuredly an author in the best sense. Scenery and plot are at the command of most men—a sort of stock-in-trade which will be used according to the ability of the writer; but it requires another faculty to create the men and women of a story, and make each act consistently his part through a length of time and variety of situation; and especially is this apparent when the situation or circumstance becomes delicate or momentous. The parting of Ned with his father and mother—the loss of poor Cox at sea, and the whole life on ship-board—Ned's return and first interview with "wee, wee Babbity" and his parents—and the delineation, among others, of such characters as "Morag," and "Floxy," and "Curly," bear testimony to Dr. Macleod's power in the present volume. The book will go through many editions yet: for seldom does a story inculcate a teaching so healthy in a manner so hearty. We think, by the bye, we have detected one little anachronism in the book—viz., where the author describes the boys as playing at cricket on Ned's first return from sea. Should not the game have been shinty? Was cricket known in Scotland thirty-five years ago?

Blind Amos and his Velvet Principles. A Book of Proverbs and Parables for Young Folk. By the Rev. Paxton Hood, Brighton. (S. W. Partridge. Pp. 150.)—THIS little volume, with its red lines, chromo-lithographs, and excellent getting-up, is sure to attract the eyes of young folk; and, once they dip into its pages and catch the gist of "the velvet principle," how it "laid hold on red-hot iron," and how "Blind Amos preached his velvet sermon in the prison," it will fasten itself on their understandings and their hearts. If one might say anything criticising the general *morale* of such a pretty little book, it would be, perhaps, that "the velvet principle" is made rather too much of, and that the wise sayings of "Blind Amos" lose their pith when they melt and swim away into the sermon-region.

The Fern Manual. By Contributors to the "Journal of Horticulture." ("Journal of Horticulture." Pp. 216.)—THE cultivation of ferns as ornamental to our gardens, and as decorations for apartments, has introduced a quantity of hardy plants into both greenhouses and garden-ferneries from all parts of the world, which can only be found described in expensive works: for, though there are plenty of valuable handbooks on British ferns, the mere English reader does not possess a book to which reference can be made as to the exotics, many of which are denizens of stoves and ferneries wherever ferns are cultivated. This want is now amply supplied by this prettily got-up volume, wood-cut representations accompanying the descriptions of the rarer sorts. These descriptions are by two practical growers, Mr. Thomas Appleby and Mr. C. W. Croker, who have given all the information which is required for the successful management of ferns, both British and foreign, that are easily attainable, and have wisely excluded such as are beyond the skill of persons for whom the book is mainly intended.

The Collected Works of Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society at Boston, U.S. Edited by Frances Power

Cobbe. (Trübner & Co. Pp. 319.)—THE present volume, the third of the series, contains "Discourses on Theology." They treat of such subjects as "The Relation of Jesus to his Age and the Ages," "The true Idea of a Christian Church," "Revivals, true and false," "What Religion may do for Man," &c., &c.

AMONG our pamphlets we have *The Intellectual Destiny of the Working Man.* (By W. Matthieu Williams, F.C.S. (Birmingham: Cornish Brothers.) This address was delivered in the May of the present year to "The Members of the Institute Chemical Society."—*The Christians in Turkey.* By Rev. W. Denton, M.A., Author of "Servia and the Servians." (Bell and Daldy.) This thick pamphlet contains a powerful appeal in favour of the Christians in Turkey. Mr. Denton's opinions were formed on the spot, and are backed by the testimony of many impartial observers.—*The Bromley Papers. A Series of Notes and Sketches.* By Joseph A. Horner. (Job Caudwell.) This little book is precisely what it purports to be—viz., "A Series of Notes and Sketches," some of which are very serviceable, as, for instance, the two entitled "Fast Young Men" and "Young Men in Relation to Religion," and most of them interesting.—*The Scripture cannot be Broken.* A Sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral by William J. Irons, D.D. (Knight.) "Some concise statement of the grounds of our entire quiet as Church people amidst this (the Colenso) storm is all that the present sermon aims at."—*The Children's Journal* for July. (Kent.) This Journal has scarcely so many wood-cuts in it as one would wish. A child's book cannot have too many pictures.

FOUR OF THE QUARTERLIES.

THE present number of the *Edinburgh Review* consists mainly of articles of information and more or less critical digests of recent books. There is not an article in it which can be called doctrinally powerful or artistically brilliant. The opening article—a review of Mr. Mark Napier's "Memorials of Claverhouse"—is a sharp and, we think, a just exposure of some of the turbid misinterpretations of the Scottish history of the seventeenth century which have proceeded from the pen of that paradoxical, but not uninteresting, hater of his country's Presbyterianism and all its belongings. "Druids and Bards" is an article written to discredit the recent speculations which have attempted to arrive, through the Bardic poetry of the Welsh and the accounts of the Druids left by ancient writers, at some substantial notion of primeval Britain and the primeval Britons. The article is neither very lively nor very deep. "Fergusson's Modern Architecture" is, on the whole, a favourable review of a now well-known book. "Louis Blanc's French Revolution" is a much more favourable review of a peculiar and remarkable work than would have come from the *Edinburgh* some years ago, or than would have come from it now had not M. Louis Blanc, during his long residence amongst us, won golden opinions from all sorts of people. In the article entitled "Sir G. C. Lewis on the best Form of Government," we have, in addition to a notice of Sir G. C. Lewis's "Dialogue on Government," some interesting details respecting the late scholar-statesman's life, and extracts from some of his letters. Nowhere could these appear more fitly than in the *Edinburgh*. "Raymond's Navies of France and England" is an article of information on a subject respecting which every fresh access of information seems to leave us more at sea than before. The paper on "The Sources of the Nile" is admirably clear—perhaps the clearest compend of the results of the expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, and of the previous history of Nile-exploration, that has appeared since that topic rose to its present height of interest. "The Scots in France and the French in Scotland" is a lively though brief and hasty sketch of the ancient and intimate inter-relations of Scotland and France, suggested in the main by a laborious historical work which has been for some time before the public, but has not yet received the full amount of attention or of praise which it deserves—M. Francisque-Michel's two volumes entitled "*Les Ecosais en France, les Français en Ecosse.*" The concluding article is entitled "Lyell on the Antiquity of Man." The writer says, "This undercurrent of thought affecting the Mosaic narrative gives to the discussion of the antiquity of Man a piquancy of interest at the present moment not, perhaps, favourable to its impartial discussion. We can hardly doubt that the only approximate solution likely to be attained for a very long period, if ever, will be of the nature

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

of a compromise; that the Biblicists will have to expand the chronology of Usher by some thousands of years, whilst the Lyellians (or Huttonians) will be compelled to restrict their demands on past time in a still greater proportion." Altogether, it can hardly be said that the pinch of phosphorus thrown into the British mind by the *Edinburgh Review* is more considerable than usual this quarter.

Nor is the present *Quarterly Review* unusually luciferous. There are, indeed, one or two articles which, by the very nature of their topics, are lighter and more amusing than those in its Whig rival—the article on "Washington Irving," that on "Modern Spiritualism," and that on "Rome as it is." These articles, however, consist mainly of summaries of recent books, and of tit-bits extracted from them. Of the three, that on "Modern Spiritualism" is the most readable, though it professes nothing very new, and contents itself with citing and stringing together some of the more ludicrous absurdities of Messrs. Home, Howitt, and the American spirit-rappers. The article "The Nile: Speke and Grant" is not so good as that in the *Edinburgh*. But there are several other articles more elaborate, and perhaps more full and rich in information, than any that the *Edinburgh* contains. Such is the article "The Resources and Future of Austria." The writer concludes: "In the new phase which Austria has now entered she may shine with a truer splendour than she ever possessed before, and will, perhaps, be recognised by future ages as the first great Continental State which reconciled the dignity of monarchy with the energy of freedom, and the power of a vast but composite empire with the liberty and contentment of each of its component parts." An article also very full and rich in information is that entitled "Natural History of the Bible." The writer says: "We are still less acquainted with the natural history of Palestine than with the remotest parts of India. This remark applies, it is true, more especially to its zoology and geology, although much yet remains to be done for the botany of the Holy Land. 'It is perfectly amazing,' a recent traveller in Palestine once remarked to the writer of this article, 'how little we know of the fauna and flora of this country, and how rich and new they are.' As a practical illustration of the truth of this observation, we may notice that our great national Museum contains scarcely any specimens of animals from Palestine; it matters not which department you visit." The article then goes on to supply a selection of facts in the department of knowledge the poverty of which has thus been proclaimed. "Sacred Trees and Flowers" is not, as might be supposed from the title, an article prolonging the subject of the last in a particular branch, but an article on the legendary or mythological associations of certain trees and flowers. "Glacial Theories" is a learned article intended to put the reader who may be possessed of some prior interest and instruction in geological matters in possession of the latest facts and speculations respecting glaciers and their action. In the article entitled "Our Colonial System" there is a vigorous defence in the main of our present system of colonies and dependencies against that dismemberment of the British Empire advocated by Mr. Goldwin Smith and others.

Perhaps the best-written article in the *Westminster*—the article showing the firmest grasp of the subject and the clearest notion of literary method—is that on "Marriages of Consanguinity." The tenor of the article is to throw doubt on the alleged evidence that the marriages of near relations occasion physical and mental degeneracy on the progeny, and to resolve the popular belief on this subject partly into a mere superstitious sentiment transmitted from past times, partly into a hasty dealing with facts and statistics which, properly interpreted, would only prove that the peculiarities of ancestors, whether good or bad, are inherited by their descendants. Among the other articles is one entitled "Mr. Mill on Utilitarianism," expounding Mr. Mill's views in his recent treatise, and, of course, acquiescing in them. Acquiescence in anything that Mr. Mill puts forward seems, indeed, save in a very few quarters, the highest achievement of which present British speculation, professing to be liberal, finds itself capable. This is not a creditable state of things; and no one, we fancy, would more heartily prefer something different than Mr. Mill himself. "Saint Simon and his Disciples" is an account of the famous French social philosopher, Saint Simon, and of the development of the Saint Simonian school after his death; and the writer shows, as others have shown, how powerful has been the influence

of this school on recent French thought and politics, and how many of the important men of France in all departments during the last generation have sprung from this school. In the paper entitled "The Growth of Christianity" we have one of those theological or anti-theological articles which are recognised as characteristic of the *Westminster*. The purport of the article may be gathered from the recapitulation at the end. "In this rapid review of the consecutive phases of historical Christianity," says the writer, "we have endeavoured to show that, in its origin and development, it is a perfectly natural and even inevitable phenomenon. It grew out of a long intellectual and moral preparation. It was the product of a congenial soil; it bore transplanting, because everywhere it found an appropriate culture, and everywhere derived nourishment from the liberal atmosphere of popular thought and feeling. A composite growth, Christianity had yet an originality of its own. An historical construction, it drew on the Past and Present while anticipating the resources of the Future. The monotheistic creed and Messianic hope of Judæa; the resurrection-doctrine; that of the Last Judgment, and, in a mitigated form, the dualism of Persia; the intellectual and ethical consciousness of Greece; the abstractions of Alexandrian and Gnostic philosophy, and the universalism of the Roman conquest—all contributed by perfectly intelligible processes to the construction of the mental organism which we call Christianity. This great historical religion is thus comparable to the Soter or Saviour of Gnostic speculation, the mysterious entity that was made up of the contributions of all the other Æons; or, better still, it is 'the colossal man whose thoughts are the creeds and doctrines, the opinions and principles of the successive ages.'" Besides other articles which we have not noticed, the *Westminster* contains its usual excellent survey of the literature of the past quarter.

The *Home and Foreign Review* (the organ of the more advanced and philosophic Roman Catholicism of Great Britain) has reached its fifth number. This review also contains an extensive survey of the home and foreign literature of the quarter—differing from the survey in the *Westminster*, however, in that the books noticed are not classified into departments, but taken in mere order of enumeration. Ninety-six publications are noticed; and the survey occupies about 160 pages. About forty pages more are devoted to a summary of "Current Events;" so that only about half the entire bulk of the number is left for disquisitions in the shape of special reviews. Of seven such articles, five are of a kind that might have appeared in any other quarterly—to wit, one on "Belligerent Rights at Sea," one on "Austria and Germany," one on "Albania," one on "Iron-Clad Ships," and one on "Epigrams." Perhaps, indeed, there is a touch of the peculiar views of the *Home and Foreign* in the article on Austria. "It is clear," says the author, "that the well-being of the whole European community requires that Austria should remain in the German Confederacy, and at the head of it, according to the Federal act, which secures to her the presidency of the Federal Assembly, and many material rights connected therewith. The integrity of the German Confederacy is for the general interest of the world; and Austria, by overcoming the difficulties of her complicated duties, is working for the benefit of Europe." The most characteristic articles of the *Home and Foreign*, we should suppose, are the two entitled respectively "Orientalism and Early Christianity" and "Ultramontanism." The former is a learned article intended to prove that there is little or no ground for the belief, now common, in the influence of Buddhism and other ancient oriental faiths on European thought and civilization. The article, therefore, is, in part, antagonistic to that in the *Westminster* on the "Growth of Christianity." More interesting still, and with a stronger dash of novelty and of speculation in it, is the article on "Ultramontanism." It is a manifesto of the latest and most advanced school of British, or, indeed, of European Roman Catholicism, with a historical review of prior attempts of Roman Catholicism to renovate itself. The article is worth reading through; but the following passages will show its gist. "There is a certain number of ideas," says the writer, "which the Christian irrefragably believes, with such a faith as no scientific man thinks of reposing in any of the progressive generalizations of inductive science. And he feels that such ideas as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the punishment of sin, can neither be destroyed by knowledge nor impede its acquisition. Not that he thinks these great religious ideas

ought to remain in sterile isolation. Like other general principles, each of them is capable of being made the basis of a vast superstructure of doctrine, proceeding from it with logical necessity. The work of this development has been performed by the organic action of the Church, which in the course of centuries has worked out a consistent system of doctrine, altogether free from accidental and arbitrary elements, the inevitable result of the principles of faith reacting upon the strict laws of thought and historical growth. . . . But there is an outward shell of variable opinions constantly forming round this inward core of irreversible dogma by its contact with human science or philosophy, as a coating of oxide forms round a mass of metal where it comes in contact with the shifting atmosphere. The Church must always put herself in harmony with existing ideas, and speak to each age and nation in its own language. A kind of amalgam between the eternal faith and temporary opinion is thus in constant process of generation, and by it Christians explain to themselves the bearings of their religion on profane matters, and of profane matters on religion, so far as their knowledge allows. . . . But, as opinion changes, as principles become developed, and as habits alter, one element of the amalgam is constantly losing its vitality, and the true dogma is left in an unnatural union with exploded opinion. From time to time a very extensive revision is required, hateful to conservative habits and feelings; a crisis occurs, and a new alliance has to be formed between religion and knowledge, between the Church and society. . . . When all opinions are perpetually canvassed in a literature over which no authority and no consideration for others have any control, Catholics cannot help attempting to solve the problems which all the world is discussing. The point is, that while they solve them religiously, they should likewise solve them scientifically; that they should so comprehend them as to satisfy both conscience and reason—conscience, by a solution consistent with the infallible criteria of faith, and reason, by one defensible on grounds quite external to religion. When a man has really performed this double task—when he has worked out the problem of science or politics, on purely scientific and political principles, and then controlled this process by the doctrine of the Church, and found its results to coincide with that doctrine, then he is an Ultramontane in the real meaning of the term—a Catholic in the highest sense of Catholicism." What Pío Nono would say to all this we do not know; it is certainly a new sort of notion of "Ultramontanism" for us here in Britain. It looks even like a convergence from among the advanced Roman Catholics towards the Protestant Essayists and Reviewers and Philosophical Sceptics. The question to be settled between the two movements would be, "What is the core of irreversible dogma, and what are we to regard as the mere oxide of changing and changeable opinion gathered round that core?" If there could but be an agreement about that, there might be wonderful fraternizings! On the whole, there seems to be a singular body of Roman Catholics amongst us, represented by the *Home and Foreign Review*, who, partly from conviction, partly from policy in the present state of their Church, seem disposed to vote an immense deal to be the mere unimportant "oxide" of Christianity that has always hitherto been supposed to be part of the essential metallic core. Is the Roman Catholic Church about to make a great new bid, even to any amount of concession to scepticism that may be desired, for the continued spiritual sovereignty of the world?

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

- AITKEN (Rev. R.) Prayer-Book Unveiled in the Light of Christ; or, Unity without Liturgical Revision. Letters for Nonconformists, Expository of the Church's Teaching, &c., addressed to the Rev. T. Binney. Cr. 8vo., pp. xxi+355. Macintosh. 5s. 6d.
- ANSELMII (S.) Cur Deus Homo? Libri Duo. Fcap. 8vo., sd. Williams and Norgate. 1s. 6d.; cl., 2s.
- ARTHUR (C. S.) True Riches; or, Wealth without Wings. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., pp. 278. Nelson. 2s. 6d.
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THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

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MISCELLANEA.

MESSRS. LONGMAN & CO. have in preparation, in two volumes quarto, Mr. Charles C. Parkins's "Tuscan Sculpture, from its Revival to its Decline," to be illustrated with steel-engravings and wood-cuts. They also announce a "History of Windsor Great Park and Windsor Forest," by Mr. W. Menzies, resident deputy-surveyor, illustrated with a map and twenty photographs by the Earl of Caithness and Mr. Bambridge of Windsor; and the concluding volume of the late Baron Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History," translated by Mr. C. H. Cottrell from the German. They announce a "Life of Robert Stephenson," by Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson; "Sir John Eliot," a biography, by John Forster; the "Works of Sir Benjamin Brodie," edited by Mr. Charles Hawkins; a "Second Series of Lectures on the Science of Language," by Professor Max Müller; and "Tales of Thebes and Argos," by the Rev. G. W. Cox—in addition to the lists published in recent numbers of THE READER.

MR. MURRAY announces the completion of Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" by the publication of the second and third volumes in November next. He also announces "A New History of Painting in Italy," by Signor C. Cavalcaselle and J. E. Crowe, authors of a "History of Early Flemish Art;" a new "Life of Cicero," by William Forsyth, author of a "Hortensius;" a new volume of Smiles's "Industrial Biography: Iron-Workers and Tool-Makers;" Professor Rawlinson's "History, Geography, and Antiquities of Babylon, Media, and Persia," being the completion of his "Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World;" and Mr. Botfield's "Notes on the Private Libraries of England, from the Ninth to the Nineteenth Centuries," a book of great bibliographical interest and deep research.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD will publish in October—"Caxtoniana: a Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners," by the Author of the "Caxton Family;" and Professor Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," illustrated with wood-engravings after the designs of the Messrs. Paton.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have just published the second volume of the "Cambridge Shakespeare," and the third is promised in November. They have in preparation—"The Jest-Book: the choicest Anecdotes and Sayings, illustrating English Wit and Humour," edited by Mark Lemon; and a companion, edited by William Allingham, "The Ballad-Book: the choicest British Ballads"—being two new volumes of their "Golden Treasury Series."

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. announce as nearly ready—Professor Wilson's "Essays on Oriental Literature," edited by Dr. Rost; the third volume of the "Results of a Scientific Mission to India and Upper Asia," by the Brothers Hermann, Adolphus, and Robert von Schlagintweit; "Familiar Dialogues in Japanese, with English and French Translations," by Sir Rutherford Alcock; and a Quichua Grammar and Dictionary, by Don C. R. Markham, to render us familiar with the language of the Incas of Peru.

MESSRS. BACON & Co. of Paternoster Row have published two maps of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and the country around Washington, by means of which the present remarkable campaign is readily followed.

The Congress of the Archaeological Institute will be opened at Rochester on Tuesday next, the 28th instant.

THE New Club, quondam "Greco," now "United Arts," will be opened on the 1st August. The final arrangements are completed; and the Committee have taken a house in Hanover Square, which is being fitted and furnished for the purpose. The Club will open with nearly 200 members, the numbers being limited to 300. This number will doubtless be soon filled up, as the entrance fee at present is only five guineas. The election of members is placed in the hands of the Committee. A gymnasium will form part of the establishment.

THE Strasburg sub-division of the "Liberal Protestant Union of France" have sent an address of thanks and encouragement to Bishop Colenso.

THE library of the late Mr. H. T. Buckle, author of the "History of Civilization in England," has just been sold by auction by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, last Wednesday being the eighth and final day of the sale. The total amount realized was £1886. 18s. Many of the books were enriched with his MS. notes. Combe's "Phrenological Visit to the United States in 1838-9-40," three volumes, with MS. notes, sold for £1. 11s.; Helps's "Spanish Conquest in America," with an autograph letter, four volumes, for £3. 3s.; a set of the "Archæologia," thirty-three volumes, 4to., for £16. 5s.; a MS. Life of Aretino, ascribed to Berni, but written by Nicolo Franco in 1588, for £2. 4s.; a copy of the "Biographia Britannica," seven volumes in six, folio, with MS. notes by Mr. Buckle, for £3. 13s. 6d.; "Biographie Universelle," sixty-six volumes in thirty-three, and three volumes of portraits, for £30; Chalmers's "Biographical Dictionary," with Mr. Buckle's MS. notes, for £26; Guizot's "Histoire de la Civilisation," with MS. analysis, six volumes, for £8. 8s.; Hallam's "Constitutional History," "Middle Ages," and "History of Literature," each with MS. analysis, seven volumes, for £16. 7s. 6d.; Heeren's Historical Works, with numerous MS. additions by Mr. Buckle, nine volumes, for £35; Ben Jonson's Works, by Gifford, with MS. analysis, for £9. 12s.; Kant's "Critick of Pure Reason," three volumes, with MS. analysis, for £2. 4s.; "Histoire Littéraire de la France," par les Benedictins de St. Maur, twenty-one volumes, with MS. notes, for £24; Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaisms," with a few MS. additions, two volumes, for £7. 10s.; Lingard's "History," eight volumes in four, with MS. analysis, for £9. 15s.; Malthus's "Principles of Population," with MS. analysis, for £1. 16s.; Massinger's Works, by Gifford, four volumes, with MS. analysis, for £4. 6s.; Mill's "Political Economy," two volumes, with MS. notes, for £5. 10s.; Prichard's "Physical History of Mankind," five volumes, with MS. notes, for £1.; Smith's "Wealth of Nations," the single-volume edition, with MS. notes, for £12; the single volume of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar's Works, with MS. analysis to each, for £5. 15s.

"THE PHILOBIBLION" is the title of a New York literary journal, commenced on the 1st of November, 1861, devoting itself to the critical notice of rare, curious, and valuable old books, to giving extracts from the same, and occasionally bibliographical accounts of literary curiosities and book-varieties, and to similar objects as our *Notes and Queries*. It also publishes autograph letters which have hitherto been preserved in the cabinets

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

of collectors; but in this very doubtful field great care and critical acumen are necessary, as we know from our famous Shelley forgeries, which took in the authorities of our great public library no less than the family of the poet itself, and which were only accidentally discovered by the writer having included in one of his forgeries a passage from an article of Sir Francis Palgrave in the *Quarterly Review*, which his son recognised. So the letters were all overhauled; the postmarks were found to be forged as well as the letters; and a great family scandal, upon which the forger had been trading for years, proved to have no foundation. This very person is, we believe, an American. At all events, at the time of the discovery, he was in New York, trying to publish some unedited letters of Lord Byron. Americans are great collectors of autograph letters; and so the editor had better be on the look-out.

THE subscription to the "Bishop of London's Fund," for the purpose of extending the parochial system throughout the diocese of London, already reaches nearly £70,000, being headed by the gift of £10,000 from the Marquis of Westminster, of £5000 from Mr. Charles Morrison, and £2000 from the Bishop of London. Then follow the names of fifteen donors of £1000 each, of eighteen of £500 each, and of others of £200 and upwards, amongst whom Messrs. Longman & Co. stand at the head with a gift of £350.

AN "Address to Christians throughout the World" by the Clergy of the Confederate States of America has just been published, and is being distributed. The address, which originated at a conference in the city of Richmond, is signed by 25 "Baptist" clergymen of the Confederate States, 17 "Methodist Episcopal" clergy, 3 "Methodist Protestant," 5 "Protestant Episcopal," 29 "Presbyterian," 12 "United Synod," 4 "Associate Reformed," 1 "Cumberland Presbyterian," 1 "Lutheran," and 1 "German Reformed." With much earnestness of phraseology, and "after much prayer," the reverend divines address the whole Christian world in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. "The separation of the Southern States," they say, "is universally regarded by our people as final, and the formation of the Confederate States' Government as a fixed fact, promising, in no respect, a restoration of the former Union." The reverend remonstrants do not shirk the question of slavery, but speak of it thus:—"With all the facts of the system of slavery in its practical operations before us, as eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word, having had perfect understanding of all things on this subject of which we speak, we may surely claim respect for our opinions and statements. Most of us have grown up from childhood among the slaves; all of us have preached to and taught them the word of life; have administered to them the ordinances of the Christian Church; sincerely love them as souls for whom Christ died; we go among them freely, and know them in health and sickness, in labour and rest, from infancy to old age. We are familiar with their physical and moral condition, and alive to all their interests; and we testify in the sight of God that the relation of master and slave among us, however we may deplore abuses in this as in other relations of mankind, is not incompatible with our holy Christianity, and that the presence of the Africans in our land is an occasion of gratitude on their behalf before God—seeing that thereby Divine Providence has brought them where missionaries of the Cross may freely proclaim to them the word of salvation, and the work is not interrupted by agitating fanaticism. The South has done more than any people on earth for the Christianization of the African race. The condition of slaves here is not wretched, as Northern fictions would have men believe, but prosperous and happy, and would have been yet more so but for the mistaken zeal of the Abolitionists." It will require a glance at the names appended to the address—names of Doctors of Divinity, Presidents and Professors of Theological Colleges, Secretaries of Missionary Societies, &c.—to convince people on this side of the Atlantic of a fact that such language respecting slavery should be uttered in perfect good faith by any body of clergymen.

"OLD NEW ZEALAND," by a Pakeha Maori, reviewed in No. 28 of THE READER, appeared originally in March last at Auckland, under the title of "Old New Zealand: A Tale of the Good Old Times, by a Pakeha Maori," and was published by Messrs. Creighton and Scales, the proprietors of *The Southern Monthly Magazine*, of which the May number has just reached England. It is reviewed at length in the first number of that magazine, published in March. The second number introduces us to the "Poems of Charles C. Bowen," printed at Christchurch, New Zealand,

in 1861; so in time New Zealand promises, like the Federal States of America, to have a literature of her own. Of the magazine itself, which commences with a serial tale, "What became of Him? In Six Chapters," there is every prospect of success, if it will keep to its prospectus and devote itself chiefly to subjects connected with the Australasian colonies, and become a vehicle for the productions of resident writers, and a record of the native traditions and antiquities, and of the natural history of Australasia.

A WHOLE French Département was thrown into the wildest excitement by a curious misprint in their official *Journal de la Préfecture*. A certain bit of information, transmitted to the Préfet from the Home Ministry, appeared as follows: "L'Empereur va partir pour la Pologne." The fact was that the Emperor was about to go for a day or two to his farms, which happen to be situated in the Département de la Sologne.

ANOTHER edition of Renan's "Vie de Jésus"—the fourth—has left the press.

OF Shakespeare's complete works, translated by François Victor Hugo, the eleventh volume has appeared already.

THE Abbeville bones have given rise to a new work by A. d'Archiac—"Du Terrain quaternaire et de l'Ancienneté de l'Homme."

AMONG French pamphlets issued this week we notice: "Les Défences fixes et les Défences mobiles des Côtes de l'Angleterre," by M. de la Fruston; further "Mémoire rectificatif d'une partie du X^{IV}e vol. de l'ouvrage de M. Thiers, intitulé: 'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire,' relative au Passage de la Bérézina," by Colonel G. Paulin, who commanded the third division of the second corps of the retreating army; and "Constitution et Organisation de l'Armée de Terre des États-Unis de l'Amérique septentrionale."

WE are glad to learn that the La Bédoyère Collection, which, in its pamphlets, journals, official reports, bills, caricatures, portraits, &c., &c., &c., contains all the elements of a detailed and complete history of the Revolution, is not dispersed, but has been bought *en bloc* by the authorities of the Rue Richelieu for the sum of 80,000 fr.

A SHARP contest with respect to the grand prize of the French Academy, amounting to twice 20,000 francs, is raging at this moment between the friends of M. Mariette and M. Oppert, the latter having been elected by too small a majority. The 14th of August is the day of the decision.

AMONG the works published in refutation of Renan's book we notice, by Barnabé Chauvelot: "A. M. Ernest Renan. La Divinité du Christ d'après Napoléon I. et les plus grands génies du monde—Tertullien, Bossuet, Pascal, Newton, Bacon, Descartes, Bayle, Euler, Leibnitz, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, Lord Byron, Lamennais, Niebuhr, Neander, &c., &c., &c."

"JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," has been translated into French by the editor of the *Revue Britannique*—A. Pichot.

A CURIOUS catalogue has lately been issued by the Austrian Ministry of Public Instruction—viz., the official index of all the books used in the primary and secondary schools throughout the empire. The little work is interesting ethnographically, linguistically, paleographically, and otherwise. We find school-books in German, Polish, Italian, Bohemian, Ruthenian, Magyar, Croatian, Serbian, Slavonian, Rumanian—even in Hebrew. The most numerous are the German, Italian, and Polish or Slavonian. The Croatian (Illyrian or Dalmatian) is printed in Roman characters; the Ruthenian in peculiar characters, resembling Greek or the ancient Slavonian (Cyrillic). The Serbian is in slightly modified Russian characters; Magyar, Rumanian, Polish, Bohemian, Slavonian, are in common Roman type. The books are all issued by the Imperial Vienna Printing-office; and, respecting their choice, they are all that can be expected. The paper is of a maize fabric of a somewhat yellowish tint, which is far less fatiguing to the eye than our ordinary rag-paper.

THE Royal Library at Copenhagen, founded by Christian III., numbers at this moment no less than 400,000 volumes. It possesses, moreover, as is well known, the Sanscrit manuscripts brought home by Rask, besides those of Niebuhr, and a great many most valuable and rare Icelandic MSS., chiefly useful for the history of Scandinavia.

DR. EDWARD FISCHER, the author of a much-prized book on the English Constitution, and one of the most gifted and rising Prussian jurists, met with a terrible accident the other week in Paris, where he had gone for a brief holiday. As he was stepping out of a cab, another cab suddenly knocked him down, and precipitated him before the wheel

of an omnibus, which passed at the same moment, went over his head, and killed him on the spot. Deep and universal has been the regret, both among his numerous friends in Paris, who accompanied him to his last rest, and those at home, whom he had left but a few days before in the full flush of youth and health. He was only thirty-four years of age, and was the only son of an old widowed mother.

THE term "foolscap," applied to the size of paper, had its origin in the time of the Commonwealth, when, by order of Parliament, after the execution of Charles the First, the water-mark of the Royal Arms of the paper upon which the Acts of Parliament were printed was altered derisively to a cap and bells. The Royal Arms have been restored, but "foolscap" has ever since been the term for designating the size of the paper.

IN recently addressing the students at the Kildare Street Training Institution in Dublin, Dr. Drew gave a picture of what schools for the children of small tradesmen and mechanics were before the government took the matter in hand. He said: "It is only a few years since several gentlemen were employed by the government to visit Liverpool, Manchester, and other large towns, in order to ascertain the state of schools and teachers of an humble description. In a lane they found a large attendance of boys at a school which, as truth must be told, was under the superintendence of a countryman of ours. While the gentlemen were putting various interrogatories to the schoolmaster, two men began to fight in the street. The master suddenly left his visitors, rushed to the door, and shouted to his delighted scholars, 'Boys, come along, here's a fight!' In a moment the scholars and their teacher had disappeared. On another occasion they found a large number of boys in a school under the superintendence of a teacher who appeared in nowise pleased with the intrusion and inquiries of his visitors. They inquired what branches he taught:—Grammar? Yes. Arithmetic? Yes. Geography? Yes. Reading? Yes. Morals? 'Morals,' exclaimed the indignant teacher, 'morals? certainly not: morals belong to girls' schools.'"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Guardian* traces to Robert South Talleyrand's celebrated *mot*, "La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour l'aider à cacher sa pensée," in a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on the 30th of April, 1676, on "the Wisdom of the World." In his clear logical English the preacher says: "Men speak with designs of mischief, and therefore they speak in the dark. In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politic sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, *but to wise whereby to conceal it.*"

A PROPOS of the new bank-notes issued in France since last week, we learn that there exists in the possession of a "judicial expert," probably an official lithographer, the only complete collection of all the bank-notes hitherto issued in France, including the forged ones. Since 1815, after the restoration of the old plates, which had been destroyed at the approach of the invaders, for fear lest they might swamp France with legally fabricated notes, the *billets* are issued in alphabetical order, beginning with A 1, and, without regard to the special value of the paper, continuing to 999,999. When Z will have been reached, the mark will be reversed, by the numerals being put before the letter—a new alphabet which will hold good for another half-century. At present the letter M of the first alphabet is on the list. The used, torn, and soiled notes are burnt and replaced by others, which receive a new number in the running alphabet. This operation is performed in the presence of the censors, and is officially registered. In the year 1861 there were destroyed officially bank-notes to the value of 290,427,300 fr.—that is, 2,421,026 less than in 1860. The bank-censors attribute this diminution to the prohibition of sending notes in letters without registering them, while formerly they used to be constantly transmitted in halves without registration.

THE Portuguese Government has lately been engaged in an active sale of diamonds, a proceeding which did not fail to strike fear into the hearts of those who hold Portuguese papers. The authorities have, therefore, bethought themselves of circulating the following facts in explanation. Portugal, as is well known, belongs, as far as its diamond-treasure goes, to the richest states in Europe, including the great powers. For centuries it has worked the mines in the province of Milna Geraes in Brazil; and, when King John VI. returned from there in 1821, his diamond collec-

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

tion was perhaps the richest in the world. These stones are deposited in sealed bags in the cellars of the Portuguese bank, where they have now remained for half-a-century as a dead capital. The number of set diamonds which the Portuguese crown alone possesses exceeds the exigencies of the kingdom; and the resolution has therefore been arrived at to sell the superfluous dead treasure of the cellars and to transform it into living rents, to be embodied into the Civil List. The Cortes have given their full consent to this economical measure.

THE first instalment of a new work by Carl Vogt, the well-known naturalist, has appeared, called "Lectures on Man: his Position in Creation and in the History of the Earth." It is intended to be a "popular guide in those physiological, anatomical, and other questions respecting man which have lately again been brought so prominently before the world." The author first enlarges on the principles from which a proper study of man's structure must start. He then enters into investigations on the formation of the skull, the brains, the skeleton; and compares the results thus obtained by measures and drawings; and calls attention to the similarities and differences between the single races of man on the one, and man and the monkey on the other hand, &c. Many wood-cuts accompany the book, which is written throughout in the most lucid and easy style. Four instalments are to complete the work.

THE following Oriental works are announced as forthcoming or issued:—"Inscriptions of Hammurabi, King of Babylon" (sixteenth century B.C.), translated and edited by Menant; "The 'Fastes' of Sargon, King of Assyria," (721-703 B.C.), translated and edited by Oppert and Menant; "The Assyrian Inscriptions of Sargonides and the 'Fastes' of Nineveh," by Oppert; "I Diplomi Arabi del R. Archivio Fiorentino," original text with a literal translation and commentary by Michele Amari.

MORITZ VON SCHWIND has been engaged by a Vienna banker to adorn his *salon* by wall-paintings, illustrating Franz Schubert's compositions. An ardent lover of music himself, and an intimate friend of the composer Schwind, whose brilliant illustration to Beethoven's *Fantasia*, Op. 81, and composition to Mozart's "Figaro" belong to his most famous works, he is certainly about the only man who could do full justice to the honourable although somewhat original task entrusted to him by the rich art-enthusiast.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Anonymous Communications cannot be inserted.)

PARAN, AND THE SINAITIC INSCRIPTIONS.

To the Editor of THE READER.

SIR,—I now resume the inquiry into the true date of the Sinaitic inscriptions, which I refer to the later Nabathæan period.

An attempt has been made, of modern years, to deduce the origin of the Nabathæans from the Nabî, or Anbât, of the marshes of Chaldæa; but even if I were to coincide (which I cannot) with the views of the Tübingen school of critics as to the credibility of the Biblical history, I think I might still safely undertake to show that this theory is unfounded.

Till the time of the Babylonian captivity, the Nabathæans, or children of Nebaioth, were known only as an extensive tribe. The power of this people, as a great nation, seems to have commenced, or to have been consolidated, soon after the conquests of Nebuchadnezzar. The Hagarene tribes of Kedar, Jetur, Nephish, Kedemah, and Nodab (if this be the real name) appear to have at this time merged into, or at least submitted to, the leading tribe of Nebaioth; and, thus enlarged, this great Hagarene nation extended its territories (probably under the sanction and with the aid of the Chaldæans) in a southerly direction by the conquest or occupation of Moab and of the greater part of Edom.

The Nabathæan kingdom thus formed (and of which Petra became the capital) appears to have comprised the whole of the country to the south of Palestine (including the Sinaitic peninsula), with the exception of a small Idumæan province, not extending much farther south than Elusa, nor east than the Wady-el-'Arabah. A broad strip of desert along the sea-coast from Palestine to Egypt must also be excepted. In addition to these territories they possessed an extensive tract to the east of the Ælanitic Gulf, and (as I have said) the whole of the Moabitis. In their more prosperous

days their dominion seems to have extended northwards, on the east of the Jordan, almost as far as Damascus.

'ΑΑΑ' ἦτοι πρῶτοι μὲν ὑπὲρ κλιτὴν Λιβάνοιο
'Αφνειοὶ γαίονσιν ἐπωνυμίην Ναβαταῖοι.
Dionys. Perieg., vs. 954, 5.

Such was the Nabathæan kingdom at its flourishing period. Any one who wishes to gain a correct idea of its commerce, its wealth, and its civilization, may consult Strabo (lib. xvi.), who derives his account from his friend the philosopher Athenodorus, an autoptic witness of the wonders of Petra.

The government of this people, though regal in form, was patriarchal, or perhaps rather republican, in spirit. The king lived on as familiar terms with his subjects as the President of the Northern States of America with his fellow-republicans. It was this perfect freedom which contributed to the security of their property and the extension of their commerce.

It may be imagined, therefore, how severe must have been the change to this people when, after the conquest of their kingdom by the Romans, they were exposed to the tyranny of the Roman governors, of which we have such a repulsive picture in the history of the neighbouring province of Judæa.

The more martial spirits of the nation, unable to tolerate their new slavery, appear to have retired to the granitic district of the Sinaitic peninsula; where the Romans either did not venture, or did not think it worth the trouble, to follow them.

Here they erected a new kingdom, having the ancient city of Paran for its metropolis. This city, erected in the most secure, and, at the same time, the most fertile valley in the peninsula, stands on a site formed by nature for the capital of the barren region of the Sinaitis.

Paran may be identified, with perfect certainty, with the Eyl-Paran mentioned in Genesis xiv. 6; so that, if we admit the book of Genesis to possess an historical or traditional authority, the antiquity of this city ascends beyond the time of Abraham. And great must have been its wealth, even at that early period, to tempt the four Cathæan kings to cross the desert of Paran (so terrible for an army) for the purpose of plundering this distant city. This wealth, if it really existed, could, in a region so barren as the Sinaitis, only have been acquired by commerce. In favour of the commercial theory I may observe that, if the Sinaitis was unsuitable for an agricultural or pastoral life, it was one of the best situations either for land or maritime traffic in the world.

The site of Paran possessed great natural beauty. The city stood on a little eminence near the eastern end of a long and narrow valley, girded in by rocky mountains on the north and south, and with the noble mountain of Paran (now Jebel Serbal) in front of it at the south. The valley below was filled with extensive palm-groves, of singular excellence (from which the place derived its name of Eyl-Paran, or *Paran of the Palms*), and with fine gardens, containing fruits more exquisite than any which Egypt could produce. The groves in the valley are filled with birds, whose music enlivens the solitary scene.

A modern traveller, describing Feiran, enumerates the points which attracted his attention as he sauntered through the valley "in the still calm moonlight—the rivulet, the rocky altar, the hoary walls of old Feiran, and the solemn amphitheatre of mountains which inclose this oasis of beauty from the world beyond." "A spiritual presence," he continues, "seems brooding over the scene: it seemed to me as if I could have wandered for ever about this enchanting ground. But enough of this vain attempt to describe the indescribably romantic Feiran; suffice it to say, that one night and its impressions were worth my whole journey." (Bartlett's "Forty Days in the Desert," p. 61.)

The place (surrounded by the region of granite, which formed its security) was really out of the world; and we cannot, therefore, feel surprised that history (which, as written by the Greeks and Romans, so rarely mentions the first Nabathæan kingdom, notwithstanding its vast wealth and extensive commerce) should afford us little more than a transient vista of the second.

In the reign of Valens the victories of this people over the Romans first bring them prominently into view. At this period we have a glimpse (which, from its singularity, almost resembles the fictions of an Oriental romance) of the successive reigns of Obedian, king of Paran, and his Amazonian wife Mawia, or Moawiyah. In reading the history of this regal couple we are reminded of that of Odenathus, king of Palmyra,

and his wife Zenobia. It is true that the humble ruins of Paran would, except in natural beauty, present a singularly unfavourable contrast to the wonderful remains of Palmyra; but it is the heroic temper, or superior genius of individuals, which makes great names in history, and not the possession of gorgeous palaces or magnificent temples. Zenobia, conquered by Aurelian, basely sacrificing the lives of her most faithful followers to her own security, and walking in fetters at the triumph of the victor, would ill sustain a comparison with Moawiyah, equally beautiful, and endowed with a loftier genius, constantly overcoming the Roman armies in Syria and Egypt, and dictating triumphant terms of peace to the generals of Valens.

Of the reign of Obedian we have one singular anecdote commemorated, which is characteristic of the times. A vessel from Aila was stranded on the shores of the Avalitic gulf (the modern gulf of Zeila). The people of this district (whom the historians designate by the convenient, and much-abused term Blemmyes) seized on the vessel; and (being accustomed to navigation) resolved to use it in a piratical excursion against the wealthy city of Clysma. They sailed up the Arabian gulf (or Red sea), and, on entering into the Heroopolitan gulf, were driven on the eastern shore, instead of the Egyptian, to which their voyage tended. They landed at a place called Raitha (apparently the modern Tor), and, after the massacre of part of the inhabitants, carried away the rest as captives. Being driven a second time on the coast of Raitha, they murdered their remaining captives, and were fortunately overtaken by Obedian before they could resume their voyage. The king, having heard of their former landing, hastened to Raitha at the head of a small and select body of troops, and, falling upon the African savages, slaughtered them to a man.

We know little more of the reign of Obedian (who, on his death, bequeathed his crown to his wife) than that he was one of the first converts to Christianity among the Paranitic Nabathæans.

The religion of Christ was just beginning to make its way into the Paranitis. The great agent in christianizing the countries south of Palestine, and in introducing the monastic life into these regions, was Saint Hilarion, a native of a village called Thabatha, five miles south of Gaza. This saint (who was born A.D. 291, and died A.D. 371, about a year previously to the slaughter at Raitha) was a pupil of St. Anthony; and was so successful in his labours, particularly in that great desert, which was anciently called the Midbar Paran, that he was usually followed, in his circuits of visitation, by a little army of monks, his disciples. The life of Hilarion is written by St. Jerome, and is one of the most singular monuments of a singular age.

On the accession of Moawiyah the deserts of the Sinaitis were beginning to fill with the ascetics, whom the example of Hilarion had trained to the monastic life. The new sovereign was born on the territories of the Roman empire, and, being taken captive by a body of Saracens in one of their incursions, was sold to Obedian. Her extreme beauty and extraordinary talents induced him to make her his wife. After his death she herself headed the armies of the Nabathæans, and, making frequent incursions into Egypt and Syria, was uniformly victorious. In one of these incursions into Phœnicia the military chief of the province, finding himself unable to oppose the invaders, sent for assistance to the general of the armies of the east. "Imbecile!" (exclaimed the superior officer when he arrived with his army) "Are you daunted by a woman? Stand by with your forces, as idle spectators, and witness her defeat!" The defeat quickly came, but in a different manner from that which the boaster had expected. His whole army was routed by the superior military genius of the queen of Paran; and would have been totally destroyed, if the inferior officer, whom he had insulted, had not hastened to his assistance, and, though unable to turn the tide of victory, at least secured to the beaten hero an ignominious retreat.

This victory was followed by a treaty of peace; in which Moawiyah made the singular stipulation, that a celebrated hermit, named Moses, should be sent to assume the rank of bishop of the Nabathæans.

It will be recollected that these victories of Moawiyah took place while the Roman armies still retained much of the prestige of their ancient discipline. It was only ten years after the Emperor Julian had carried the Roman arms triumphantly to the capital of Persia that the queen of Paran routed the best Roman forces in Asia.

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

The whole affair is an enigma; for we perceive, of course, that it could only have been at the head of large armies that these advantages of Moawiyah could have been obtained; and how such armies could have been raised from any population which the Paranitis could support is a mystery of no ordinary perplexity. On the other hand, the ecclesiastical historians who relate these wonders (Socrates, Theodoret, and Sozomen) lived sufficiently near to the reign of Moawiyah to appear entitled to our confidence. The only means which occurs to me of solving the riddle is to suppose that the Nabathæans of Paran, like those of Petra, still carried on a considerable commerce; for this assuredly is the only mode by which a large population could have been maintained in any part of the Sinaitic peninsula.

I suspect (and the question is one of no small interest) that the Nabathæan kingdom of Paran was still subsisting in the time of Justinian, and that it was only by a treaty with the then king of Paran that Justinian was enabled to erect his fortified Convent of the Transfiguration. I leave the inquiry, however, for those to whose province it appears peculiarly to belong—the professors of ecclesiastical history and the historians of Egypt.

It is to the times of Obedian and Moawiyah that I should attribute the greater part of the "scratching" (as it has been termed) of the "Sinaitic Inscriptions." There are circumstances which seem to enable us to fix the execution within tolerably narrow limits. They are not to be placed later than the early part of the sixth century; because in the first half of that century they were seen by Cosmas Indicopleustes. On the other hand, they are found on steps and pillars, which appear referable to the Roman period, at the Nabathæan cities of Petra and Malatha.* We cannot carry them, therefore, beyond the first century of the Christian era, nor later than the middle of the sixth. It is in the Sinaitic peninsula that these inscriptions are chiefly found; and the city of Paran is the central point round which they are discovered. The circumstance that the names (for the inscriptions are little more than names and salutations, and for all historic purposes are perfectly worthless)† are Pagan, and that these Pagan names are accompanied by Christian crosses, indicates a period when Paganism was beginning to give way to Christianity, which exactly coincides with the date I have suggested.

If any of these inscriptions are to be found on the Egyptian coast, or elsewhere on the shores of the Red Sea, we have only to remember that the Nabathæans assuredly visited all these points, either for the purposes of commerce or of war.

With all these probabilities in favour of the Nabathæan period, to ascend earlier seems merely to pamper the morbid appetite, which turns away from history in the pursuit of fiction.

HENRY CROSSLEY.

July, 1863.

SCIENCE.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

THE 75th of the group of asteroids discovered by Mr. Peters, the director of Hamilton College Observatory, has been named Eurydice; the 77th, discovered by the same astronomer, has received the name of the Scandinavian goddess Friga. We append the elements of the latter:—

Epoch, 1863. January 0—0 ^h . Berlin.			
Mean anomaly	18	43	35
Longitude of perihelion	58	9	1
Longitude of node	2	7	2
Inclination	2	27	55
Arc, sin. excentricity	7	48	20
Mean movement	811	568	
Log. mean distance	0.427	121	

We learn from *Les Mondes* that this planet is of the 13th magnitude, and that in the telescope it

* The situation of Malatha (the modern El Milh) would not lead us to suppose it to have been a Nabathæan city. But the authority of Ptolemy seems to place the matter beyond doubt. He places *Madāra* among the cities of the Arabia Petrea; and there is no name, at all resembling Malatha, in his lists of the cities of Judæa or Idumæa.

† In stating the purport of these inscriptions I need scarcely observe that I have followed the views of the late Dr. Beer of Leipsic. Of the accuracy of his alphabet there can be no doubt; and we may, in most cases, rely upon his explanations. Dr. Beer showed that the characters were written from right to left, and that the language was a dialect of the Arabic. This dialect he believed to be the Nabathæan. He dated the inscriptions exactly at the same period to which I have assigned them.

presents a clear white disc, while that of Feronia, on the contrary, which was at about an equal distance last year, is diffused, and of a blueish grey.

KIRCHHOFF'S second memoir on the Solar Spectrum and the Spectra of the Chemical Elements has reached us; and we trust that soon it will be done into English by the same hand who so admirably rendered the first accessible to English readers. This last memoir is illustrated, if possible, in a more exquisite manner than the former one; and, indeed, one can scarcely imagine anything more satisfactory than the way in which all the lines, sharp and nebulous, faint or dark, are represented. In the first memoir, the central spectrum, from D to F, was mapped; in the present one, the ends of it, from A to D, and F to past G, are given, as well as tables of the position and intensity of the dark lines—many of the bright bands of the chemical elements being also given, in order that a comparison of their relative positions may be made. Herr Hofmann, to whom Kirchhoff entrusted the mapping of these portions, has observed the spectra of a great number of elements in addition to those previously studied by Kirchhoff; and, although these further investigations have not afforded any additional information respecting the constitution of the sun's atmosphere, they have confirmed previous conclusions. The probability of nickel being a constituent of the solar atmosphere is considerably increased by the many coincidences observed between nickel lines and dark lines of the solar spectrum. The question as to cobalt is no nearer solution, as some lines coincide, but others equally bright do not. In the spectra of barium, copper, and zinc, new coincidences with dark lines have been traced, confirming the presence of these metals in the sun. In the cases of strontium and cadmium, some coincidences have been observed; but their number is too small to warrant any conclusion. Fine solar lines were seen near the red potassium line; but they were not sufficiently defined to enable Kirchhoff to say whether they coincided or not. Herr Hofmann has also paid some attention to the atmospheric lines discovered by Brewster. A table of these is annexed to the paper; and it is a point of considerable interest that four of them—viz., 972.1, 977.4, 977.7, and 982.0—coincide with extraordinarily bright lines produced by the electric spark in atmospheric air.

THE old notion that life was impossible on deep-sea bottoms is now well-nigh exploded; and, although it has been asserted—and by the late Professor Bailey among others—that the specimens of diatomaceæ obtained from great depths need not necessarily have been living when collected, the recent discoveries of animal life at 1400 fathoms by Torell, 1500 fathoms by Milne Edwards, and 3000 fathoms by Dr. Wallich, seem to place the matter beyond all doubt. In the last number of *Silliman's American Journal* Dr. Stimpson records (in advance of the publication of the report) the results of his examination of the specimens alluded to by Professor Bailey, collected by the North Pacific Expedition:—"In the sounding taken at the depth of 2700 fathoms, in lat. 56° 46' N., long. 168° 18' E., Lieut. Brooke used, for the armature of his lead, three quills, each about three inches in length, fastened together, and placed in such a position that, when the lead touched the bottom, the quills would be forced perpendicularly into it, and thus become filled with mud from a stratum a few inches below the general surface of the sea-bottom. The experiment was successful; the quills coming up compactly filled with mud of the usual character occurring at such depths in such latitudes. One of the quills, having been submitted to me for microscopic examination, was carefully wiped and cut in two at the middle, in order to secure for examination a specimen as nearly as possible free from any chance admixture from the water near the surface. In this specimen I found an abundance of diatoms, some of which, apparently *Coccinodisci*, appeared to me to be undoubtedly living, judging from their fresh appearance and the colours of their internal cell-contents. It is exceedingly doubtful whether sufficient light can penetrate to so great a depth to afford the stimulus which these vegetable organisms are supposed to require for their existence and multiplication. On the other hand, it is by no means certain that some amount of light does not so penetrate; and, if we deny the existence of vegetable life in these abysses, it will be difficult to account for the existence there of animals, which must, ultimately, derive their sustenance from the vegetable kingdom. The supply which they might obtain from the dead bodies of those organisms which die at

the surface, and slowly sink through two or three miles of water to the bottom, seems totally insufficient, for Dr. Wallich has proved that the animals, star-fishes for instance, not only exist at those depths, but exist in great numbers. We would call the attention of those who may have an opportunity of obtaining specimens of the bottom at great depths, to the great importance of a microscopic examination of these specimens as soon as taken from the sea. Fresh water should, of course, be used in spreading the mud upon the slide."

THE cave of Bellamar—a veritable king of caverns, and one requiring from two-and-a-half to three hours for an excursion through it—is the subject of a very interesting paper, by Mr. George E. Roberts, in the *Intellectual Observer* for the present month. We extract the following description of it:—"The first, or entrance hall of the cavern, has been named the Gothic Temple, from its vast and severe beauty, reminding one of the solemn nave of some ancient cathedral. It is 900 feet in length by 240 wide; in parts the roof is 60 feet in height. Magnificent stalactitic pillars adorn it, drooping from the roof to the floor; the largest of these measures 60 feet in height, and has a width varying from 8 to 21 feet. The stalactitic droppings have simulated in it the appearance of a giant mantle, with stately and capacious folds. Beyond this immense chamber lies the Gallery of the Fountain, a corridor 2400 feet in length! In the centre of it is seen the spring which gives its name, hemmed in with the loveliest stalactites. Walls, roof, and floor are alike invested with a crystal robe of the purest and most glittering white. At the end of the long gallery the traveller comes to a fine arch called the Devil's Gorge, a few yards beyond which the stalactites and stalagmites are commingled so as to form one vast screen of transparent alabaster. One of the gems of this charming group is called the Embroidered Petticoat, being a beautiful hollow stalactite, as smooth as marble, three feet in height, and having a symmetrical edge, six inches wide, made up of large crystals. But perhaps the most dazzlingly beautiful of these cavern-halls is the smaller one, named the Hall of the Benediction, which lies still farther from the cave's mouth and deeper in the mountain. It obtained its name from a blessing having been pronounced upon it by the bishop in a moment of enthusiasm. This is a chamber of unsurpassed beauty. Floor, walls, and vault are alike of the purest white; slender columns of stalactite, covered with thousands of small crystals, form aerial vistas, or droop pendent from the roof like the most fanciful combinations of Eastern art. One of the most striking of these, a large stalactitic mass, which falls like a transparent cascade with an undulating surface, has been named the Mantle of the Virgin. From beneath it issues a stream of water, the source of which lies deeper among the yet unexplored recesses of the cave. Still farther we come to the Gallery of the Lake, remarkable for the stalactitical mass called the Snow Drift; and this is at present the terminal point reached. The Lake of the Dahlias, which hides some marvellous crystallizations in the form of those flowers, stops farther progress. Returning through the Hall of the Benediction to the Gallery of the Fountain, the visitor turns into a side passage near its centre, and traverses Hatuey Gallery, named in honour of an Indian chief, famous in the early history of Cuba, by reason of a slender, well-proportioned stalactite, which stands like a chieftain's lance beneath a high vault. Here is also a lovely group of these fairy-like productions, called the Closet of the beautiful Matanceras; and another resembling a canopied niche of the richest Gothic tracery. Many of the stalactites possess the property of double refraction, and occasionally the crystallizations are tinted with the delicate hues of the violet or rose, or shine with the rich lustre of gold."

AFRICAN EXPLORATION: DR. LIVINGSTONE AND MR. BAKER.

NEWS of African travel and exploration is coming fast upon us.—In the first place, the *South African Advertiser* of June 20 brings us news of Dr. Livingstone to the date February 27, and of his most recent proceedings and the recent efforts of the Universities' Missionaries in the part of Africa which he and they have selected as the scene of their labours. Ascending the Zambezi, Dr. Livingstone had reached Shupanga in the middle of December; on the 10th of January he had reached the Shire—the small steamer Nyassa being towed up by the Pioneer; and on the 27th of February he was within thirty miles of his destination, the Lake Nyassa. Unfortunately, both the vessels had

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

grounded on a sand-bank, and there had been much fever and sickness among the crews; but Dr. Livingstone hoped to push his way overland with the smaller steamer, so as to explore the lake. The Rev. Mr. Steward, who, finding that Livingstone's expedition was delayed, had made an attempt in July last year to reach the Lake Nyassa by himself, had been obliged to turn back by the impossibility of procuring food. He had again in September ascended the Zambezi beyond Tette; but again the same cause had forced him to return; and he had gone to Mozambique. He had arrived at the Cape in June last, bringing this and the rest of the news. The prospects of the Universities' mission on the Shire he reported to be very gloomy. A famine was prevailing in the whole region, caused by drought; the mortality was very great; the Rev. H. C. Scudamore had died on the 1st of January; and it was feared that the mission must be abandoned.—More stirring is the news from the now famous African region of the White Nile, conveyed in three letters of the dates March 17, March 25, and April 12 respectively, which the *Times* has just published from the bold Mr. S. W. Baker, whom Captains Speke and Grant had left to prosecute that expedition of his own which would make their discoveries more complete. The first of the three letters, written at Gondokoro, is to Captain Speke, and it begins thus: "My dear Speke,—I am still here; all my Khartoum scoundrels mutinied when the boats were fairly gone, and they thought my retreat cut off." The rest of the letter gives details as to his difficulties with these "Khartoum scoundrels"—i.e., Egyptian subjects whom he had hired at Khartoum, with five months' pay in advance, and upon whose services he depended for his power to proceed with his expedition. In the second letter, which is addressed to Mr. Colquhoun, Mr. Baker still writes in the same strain of disgust with the "Khartoum scoundrels," whose mutiny and desertion had kept him still at Gondokoro. "My expedition," he says, "was in perfect order; and I was capable of going anywhere had the men been faithful." In the latter part of the same letter, however (written March 26th), he has plucked up heart. He has got together a sort of escort, and is then packing up for a start eastward towards the river Sobat (even the men still with him refusing to move south from Gondokoro), in the track of a trader's armed party of eighty men. "I am determined," he writes, "not to be beaten back from this point (Gondokoro) before I have completed an exploration of some of this hitherto untrodden land. Accordingly, the last of the three letters—that of April 12—leaves him at a point about 101 miles S.E. from Gondokoro. Following in the track of the trading-party aforementioned, he had, notwithstanding fresh difficulties with his picked Khartoumers, made that distance from Gondokoro; and, having made friends with the trader, he did not despair of being able to push on farther in the same direction. The following extract gives the last information respecting his whereabouts and his intentions:—"The rainy season is now just commencing here, and I have camped among the tribe of 'Gatookas' [query, Latookas], hitherto unknown. The trader's party, under whose wing my slender escort delights to shelter itself, belongs to Koorshid Aga. I shall leave all my heavy baggage in charge, making this (their dépôt) my head-quarters. The head man returns to-morrow to Gondokoro, and he will take this letter to his master, who will return to Khartoum shortly. The head man will bring reinforcements from Gondokoro in about three weeks, his force here being now 85 men, which with my party form 100, in case of any necessity of defence. I leave to-morrow for a country two days from this, where there is a great variety of game—there I shall hunt for a few weeks, and then return. After that I shall continue east to the river Sobat; but, there being no water on the road, I must wait till the rains have set in thoroughly. . . . I am well away, thank God! from Gondokoro, instead of being beaten back to Khartoum; and I can now procure provisions, porters, and all I require, for beads and copper, of which I have a large supply. I intend to pass nine months in exploring, and then to go to Gondokoro and straight thence to Cairo, en route for England. I trust you will be able to procure an order to the Governor of Khartoum to punish all my mutineers with the utmost severity. If not, no Englishman can ever show his face in this country." This of getting the Khartoumers who had deserted him severely punished by the Egyptian Government, whose subjects they are, seems to have been Mr. Baker's one thought at the time

of his writing his letters. But he also thinks that, if there is to be trading on the White Nile at all, the Egyptian Government ought to be compelled to keep a Bey and 500 troops in Gondokoro to enforce order, and prevent such mutiny and robbery as that by which he has suffered.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN, July 14th. Dr. Camps, Treasurer, in the chair.—THE Rev. Basil H. Cooper, B.A., F.R.S.L., read a paper "On the Historical Character of the Invasion and Occupation of Egypt by the Hyksos, or Shepherd-Kings." The state of the question, independently of hieroglyphical and hieratic research, was first adverted to, and much stress was laid on a hitherto overlooked tradition preserved by Conon, a reputable writer in the Augustan age, as to the fact of a Phœnician Conquest of Egypt as early as the times of Cadmus. This, it was contended, was an important confirmation of the general truth of Manetho's story of the Hyksos. The hieroglyphical evidence afforded by the autobiographical epitaph found at El Kab of an officer of marines, Aahmes, who himself took part in the War of Liberation under the Pharaoh of the same name, and the illustrative statements of the historical Papyrus Sallier I., were next passed in review. It was shown that it was from the study of these hieroglyphical and hieratic documents alone the Vicomte de Rougé had been led to his felicitous identification of the Hyksos capital Havaris, mentioned by Manetho, with the ancient Tanis, the Zoan of Holy Writ and the San of the modern Arabs. It was on the strength of this identification that M. Mariette was specially instructed by the French Academy to make excavations at San. The paper concluded with a brief résumé of the results of these recent excavations, which have brought to light, not only the scutcheons of several of the shepherd-kings, but also numerous works of Hyksos art; thus decisively establishing the historical character of the event recorded by the Egyptian national historian, but at the same time vindicating the invaders from his charge of barbarism. A lively and interesting discussion followed, in which Messrs. Ainsworth, Bonomi, and Sharpe took part. Mr. Sharpe contended that the king Apepi, whose scutcheon occurs at San, is not the shepherd-king Apôphis (Dyn. XV.), but the Phiois (Dyn. VI.) of the Manethonian lists.

ART.

ART IN PROGRESS.

THE portraits of Captains Speke and Grant by Mr. H. W. Phillips will take a prominent place among those of contemporary celebrities of our time. As mere portraits they are admirable and spirited likenesses; but the painter has heightened our interest in the subjects by representing them in a single picture, and in their African guise. They appear seated at a rough table, beneath the roof of their extemporized hut. A young black attendant, stripped to the waist, is in waiting upon them. Captain Speke, who wears only a moustache, and whose fine head, slightly turned over and nearly in profile, has been extremely well painted, contrasts well with his bearded friend Captain Grant, who is seated on the opposite side of the table, busily engaged in making notes, from which occupation he has raised his head for a moment with an inquiring look. Near him, and leaning against one of the supports of the hut, is his short, heavy rifle, while behind his head, thrown over a beam, the Union Jack proclaims the presence of the adventurous young Englishman. Among the minor accessories the horns and skull of the African *bos* are conspicuous. The costume of both officers is picturesque—Captain Speke being dressed in a light rough overcoat, while Captain Grant sits before his work, in his well-worn flannel shirt. The ebony skin of the boy attendant contrasts well with the habiliments of his masters.

This picture, which is yet unfinished, promises to be one of the best works Mr. Phillips has yet painted. It has evidently been conceived and executed *con amore*. The head of Captain Speke is not only very like, but the view of the head is rightly chosen, and very successfully coloured. As a subject-picture it is interesting on account of the story of successful enterprise it portrays, although, of course, its chief interest will consist in the portraits of the two Englishmen who have at length solved the mystery of the source of the Nile.

Those who have read the pleasant volumes entitled "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands" have doubtless visited with great interest the two pictures painted by Mr. Hamerton under the conditions described therein. They are still to be seen, we believe, in Piccadilly, close to St. James's Church, under the charge of the famous "Thursdays," now no longer a rough Lancashire lad, but a well-bred gentleman's servant. Of the two pictures, we prefer the "Ben Cruachan," with the clouds rising from it. The object of the painter has been to paint the full blaze of sunlight on the face of the mountain; and, in order to do so, he tells us in his explanatory catalogue that he has painted the waters of Loch Awe of a darker blue apparently, though really not so dark as by proper relation they should appear. This is a point on which we think no apology is necessary. To us the waters do not appear to be deep enough in colour to represent the aspect of the lake under the effect chosen by Mr. Hamerton. But, as he himself points out, it is entirely a matter of relation; and, in all art, one truth has to be sacrificed to another—only we must always take care to hold fast the most important one. Of course, the limited scale in art, with black at one end and white at the other, cannot compete with the infinite scale which ranges between the sun itself and blackest night; but, nevertheless, within the scale allowed to us, a true relation is possible; and the approach to this true relation is the real test of all great landscape-painting. With all Mr. Hamerton's ability and great observation of nature, he has made but little use of the scale that is open to him. Both of his pictures want what is loosely called "effect." They are not conventionally composed and scenic in light and shadow, which is so far well; but his knowledge does not yet enable him to paint the exquisite graduation of distances which may be obtained between the black and white pigments at the two extremes of his scale; or, like old David Cox, to seize such a truth as the relation of sunlit Cruachan to the dark depths of Awe, and so to present it, in its full force, to his spectators that they shall neither know nor care about the minor truths that have been sacrificed to this object. The want of concentration we should be inclined to call the fault of these two pictures. The eye wanders, and finds no resting-place; it meets with a half-expressed truth everywhere. In fact, they have the look of having been painted, as they are described to have been, from the same spot under different aspects, each part ever being presented under new effects, ever changing its relation to other parts of the same scene, under circumstances, in short, admirably adapted for the study of parts, but adverse to the painting of a great landscape. We are not greatly surprised at the French gentleman's criticisms of the clouds on Cruachan, considering how frequently educated people make silly observations upon matters which they have not studied; but the clouds are not like clouds, being neither vaporific nor permeated with light. The pictures will be found extremely interesting to all who have read the author's book, as they really are representations, though inadequate ones, of the text to which that is the commentary.

Among other pictures that have been exhibited during the latter part of the season, one of the chief, though certainly not one of the best, is Mr. Selous's copy of the "Cenacola," by Leonardo da Vinci. This is put forth as a restoration of the colour and effect of the great masterpiece at Milan; and it is proposed to reproduce it in chromo-lithography. Those of our readers who are not familiar with the *Capo d'opera* of Da Vinci, may be assured that the copy in question has nothing in common with the original. It appears to be got up as a print-speculation, and painted entirely with reference to the capabilities of chromo-lithography—a mechanical process which is not suited to the reproduction of any great amount of delicacy, still less of expression.

Mr. Armitage's "Vision of St. John" is now being exhibited in Piccadilly. After seeing it, we were not surprised to find an indignant disclaimer in the *Times* from THE Mr. Armitage, who is one of our few great English painters. We cannot pretend to describe, much less to criticize, this "Vision." As a work of art it has no pretensions whatever; and, as for the Battle of Armageddon! In short, the whole thing is not exactly a burlesque on a sacred theme, but an utterly feeble resurrection of John Martin's most feeble productions.

From such a work as this it is pleasant to turn to a real work of art. Such a work we have in Mr. Leifchild's marble group of "Ruth and Naomi." The figures are about two feet six inches in height. Simplicity and tenderness characterize Mr. Leifchild's treatment of a most simple and tender story. Ruth kneels at the feet of Naomi,

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

looking into her face so lovingly as she blesses her with the words, "The Lord deal kindly with thee, as thou hast dealt with the dead and with me." The style of the group is worthy of attention: it is entirely free from prettiness, large in treatment; and, though the work is carefully modelled, the execution is not allowed to interfere with the impression made upon the spectator by the sentiment of the story. We are glad to hear that this work of art is the property of Mr. Barnes of Manchester, who commissioned Mr. Leifchild to execute it.

NOTES OF THE LIFE OF AUGUSTUS L. EGG.

(Continued from No. 28.)

DO any of those who are interested in the successive annual exhibitions, when they feel disappointed with the work of a man who has previously attracted their attention as one of sure merit, or when his name is altogether absent in the Academy catalogue—do they ever speculate upon the causes of the artist failing to retain his favourable position? Those, perhaps, whose notion of an artist is derived from the novel or the poet's descriptions—in which he is a fitful, idle being, moving about for weeks and months, doing nothing but seek a graceful society, and aim with a light-hearted enthusiasm to make himself the central ornament, acting on an amiable impulse of egotism, and then with the strain of intense inspiration shutting himself up for a few days, and at the end admitting his friends, and showing how he has "flung his thoughts upon the canvas" or "dashed off a little idea"—these (and they are the majority) account for it by saying, "Tinto's a creature of impulse;" or, if they know him casually and meet him, they shake their heads and say, "What! still basking in your last success; not begun again yet? Come, you know the public are expecting something from your hand. Can't find an idea, eh? You really must, though, take up your brush again soon." These are far from the truth. We have known many artists in our time, and never yet had the good fortune to encounter such a happy being amongst them, unless he was a veritable sham. How different is the fact! An artist goes into his study—as we once heard Mr. Dickens truly enough say, when presiding at an Artists' benevolent dinner—with as much regularity as a lawyer goes to his office; and remains there working just as long or longer, and as steadily, day by day. We have seen how Mr. Egg contributed his one, two, or three pictures to the Royal Academy Exhibition for a period of fourteen years. Think you he did these works by fits and starts? Very different, let our good friends be assured, was his practice. At half-past nine every morning he was in his studio; by ten he had his palette set and began work; at half-past one he took a crust of bread and cheese or a biscuit, and he resumed work in less than half-an-hour till four or five; he then went out for his walk or ride, returned at six to dinner, read for about two hours, and, if alone, employed himself in making pencil-sketches of compositions and figures, by way of trying new subjects, or made experiments for the details of his current work. And, had he been a man without means, he would probably have worked harder than this by curtailing his time for exercise, or by entering his studio again immediately after dinner, and working out the less important parts of his painting, and leaving his reading only for meal-times, or, as some have to do, for a period altogether, until they manage to win a position, and can gain an income with the lesser amount of application. You would say that then their anxieties cease. On the contrary, this is the most critical period of an artist's life. An artist has up to that time been improving conspicuously in every fresh work—his hand has been gradually becoming more and more obedient to his eye, until, at last, it does that organ fair justice. The mind of the worker is in advance of both these, if the man has any element of greatness in him. But to what point? It is undefined, uncertain. To this time he himself thinks it an unlimited one; but, day by day, as he works with his well-practised hand, straining all his faculties together, and falls back each evening an hour or two later than he has been accustomed to continue, defeated in his attempts to get beyond a certain, easily reached mark, he has the miserable conclusion offered to him that there is his utmost bound. All his happiness hitherto has consisted in the belief that he was gradually advancing towards perfection itself. Here is the first check. He will still entertain his hope, deferred though it must be. He puts aside his picture for a time to take up another, and then another. Soon he feels his

tether again. From oft-repeated disappointments his hand begins to work timidly—his confidence is lost—his health fails. The season comes round; he has nothing ready. We know of men who in this trial have lost their minds—of others who have abandoned the profession in despair. Many give up the continued struggle, and settle down at work easily within their grasp. These admit to themselves the limited nature of their powers, and soon fall lower and lower. There is no standing still in any art; you must go backward if not forward. It is only the very strong that recover from the defeat of their impatient ambition, and make a sure progress, though at a slower rate than hitherto.

These remarks are not altogether irrelevant to the case of Mr. Egg. In the year '52 he had no picture in the Exhibition; in the following year again he had nothing. He was going through this *distemper* of artists, and nothing that he could do would satisfy him. Happily, he was not defeated. In '54 he appeared again with a picture called a "Study," and "A Scene from 'The Fortunes of Nigel.'" The study was a sketch of "Charles the First raising his Standard at Nottingham." It was done by invitation of the Royal Commissioners as a design for a wall-painting in the House of Lords. We remember how deeply he was interested in this subject. The account of the fact is so impressive—the gloominess of the morning, the futile attempt to make a royal demonstration of the event, the evil omen in the fact of the wind blowing down the crazily-erected banner of the Cavaliers, and the no conqueror's genius to convert it into a good one—all of these circumstances concurred to make it an acceptable subject for his invention. Never was the sentiment of an incident better given. There was no straining after Academic postures. The king was sitting cheerlessly on his horse; the mattock and the spade had just been laid aside, and the men were employed in planting the standard anew; the trumpeters were just about to sound their blast of triumph to the heavy clouds. The picture would have been a worthy memorial of the event; but, alas! the royal and noble connoisseurs rejected it! What can come of Government Art in this country when the patronage is confided to men who have no other claim to judgment than that they are born with? It is almost at this time sacrilegious to impugn the taste of his late Royal Highness, the then president of this commission; but surely it is too much to expect that a man, because he is a good prince, is also a just critic of Art. Nature deals not in this way with its children: it requires that a man, be he prince or plebeian, shall work for his acquirements. And the good Prince had attained no eminence as a critic, except in the mind of such sycophants as those who before them had bowed to the decision of George the Third and his graceless successor in such matters. Let good and wise princes exercise their beneficial influence upon the social and political questions of the day; but do not let them, until they are specially prepared for this also, tamper with such an enduring thing as Art! Egg—modest, self-suspicious man as he was—merely said, with a shrug of the shoulders and a sigh together, "I suppose one cannot judge of one's own work."

In 1853 he was engaged upon another picture—"The Life and Death of Buckingham." He was interested then in another experiment—painting upon a dark-brown canvas, and modelling the composition upon it with white. Many were his theories of colour at this time; among others, we remember one that he propounded, that no more than three colours should be used by the artist. "Nature," he said, "makes all her variety with the red, the blue, and the yellow; and I do think," he added, bowing his head and frowning very terribly as he warmed in the discussion, "that, if we followed her rule, and could decide upon the exact pigments, we should be safer than we are at present, *always* striving to add to the contents of our paint-boxes." His companion, also an artist, but one cautious in adopting new theories, replied, "Nature, without doubt, as you say, makes all her combinations with the three primitive colours. Light has, as we see, when its rays are divided, but three colours; and, by the blending of these, every existing tint is made in the heavens and under the heavens: for the varied hues of vegetation and animal life and the mineral world are the result of some mysterious power of absorption in their particular substances of certain rays of light, and the reflection of others. This does appear, at first sight, to justify the theory that you propound; but there is the difficulty of getting three primaries of sufficient purity to stand in the place of the perfect hues of the prism." "Yes,"

interrupted Egg. "I admit the difficulty; but *why* shouldn't we make it our business to discover these?" "In the meantime," said his friend, "we may consider what objection there is to use the varieties of pigments that may be at our command, if they are of tints which we cannot produce by combination of the true primitives we have at our present service. Take emerald green, for example. We cannot make it with ultramarine and chrome yellow, or any other blue and yellow that we might prefer; the material particles of which they are composed will not fuse so subtly as the atoms of light." Egg followed the argument, and reluctantly, with a bend and a shake of head, uttered "No!" "On the other hand, you must admit that emerald green is a colour which obtains its peculiarity by the power of selection and rejection from the prismatic hues in the rays of light as much as colour in any other matter may do—certainly as much as any blue, any red, or any yellow paint does." "Well, I suppose so," said Egg. "If so, why should we consider it less legitimate than they? We cannot dip our brushes into the rainbow; but we may into material elements which just as much separate the rays of light as the rain or the prism; and these elements are in our hands, and one of them is this particular green, which is an important link between the yellow and blue, and which we can procure by no other means. Science, you see, has not yet found out how the sun is to make her *chromograph* tamely in a camera, and through a lens on a sheet of paper. She is yet wild; but she shoots her rays about, and on this mineral, on that earth, on this vegetable, leaves her very image in colour, but scattered, one here, one there, on more or less tractable materials for the painter. If we get all, we really make our paint-box a portable rainbow. So I say, the more varieties of pure pigments it holds, the more perfect is it for our purpose of imitating the combined hues of nature." The analytical friend settled back in his chair, out of breath. It was now time for a reply. It came gradually, with Egg's particular sidelong shake of the head, a sedate pursing up of the mouth, and a very grave frown, "Well, you know, *perhaps* you're right!" And, after a pause, in a merry tone, "Take another glass of sherry." "You think," said the man of many words, "I require it after—" "After your very learned disquisition," added Egg; and the two friends seemed to see a good joke in the conclusion of the discussion, and joined in a loud laugh with the rest of the bachelor dinner-party. In the last paper we showed what was his manner when he was the victor in an argument. This may be taken as an example of him when discomfited in a discussion.

ART NOTES.

THE Royal Commission appointed to consider the best means of improving the Royal Academy has presented its report. It recommends that the forty Academicians should be raised to sixty, among whom should be eight architects and ten laymen; that the Associates should be increased by thirty, and have a vote in the governing body; that the President should be elected by the governing body and be assisted by a Council of eleven; that an Honorary Class should be added of artists from all countries; and that another should be formed of art-workmen of distinguished eminence. The Academicians, moreover, are to exhibit only four pictures instead of eight; and the Academy should either have the whole of the National Gallery, or migrate to Burlington House.

THE Council of the Architectural Museum have sent in their report on the formation of a National Museum of Architecture, in which a distinction is drawn between exhibitional and scholastic museums, and recommending to the Department of Science and Art that the proposed one should be one of the latter, and that its first object should be to afford the means of study for students of the art. For this purpose the National Museum of Architecture should not so much seek to display original specimens, which from their size and portability are easily accessible to students in other museums, as to provide casts of the details of great works and photographs, without, however, excluding the others. All styles, Greek, Roman, Romanesque, Pointed, and the various forms of Renaissance, should be admitted, as should also the works of modern architects. The report recommends that the greatest caution be used to prevent the proposed Museum falling into the hands of a bureaucracy, that the building in which the masterpieces of England's architecture are exhibited should be worthy of them, and that it should be central rather than suburban.

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

ST. PAUL'S is at length likely to have its embellishment completed according to the original design of Sir Christopher Wren. The proposal as submitted by the committee, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, consists primarily in filling eleven windows at the ends of the choir, nave, and transepts with painted glass of the highest quality, uniform in style, design, and execution; in filling the spandrels of the dome, vaults, and other suitable compartments, and ultimately the dome itself, with paintings in mosaic; and generally in gilding and incrusting with coloured marbles such parts of the architecture as require it to complete the decorative framework. It is also intended to finish the great organ in the south transept, and to complete the stall-work of the choir, and other works which have been left incomplete. To some extent these intentions have been already realized. The committee for the completion of the interior have been enabled to lay out about £1600 in various decorative works. A marble pulpit under the dome has been given by his friends as a memorial of the late Captain Fitzgerald; the Corporation of London has given £750; and five of the city companies—the Grocers', the Merchant Taylors', the Mercers', the Goldsmiths', and the Fishmongers'—£200 each for gilding the ribs of the vaulting of the choir and transepts. Mr. H. F. Vernon and the Rev. Dr. Vivian have placed each a painted-glass window in the aisles of the nave; and two memorial windows have been promised—one by the Rev. J. V. Povah and the other by Mr. Joshua W. Butterworth. Two of the eleven windows of the highest quality are in course of preparation—one for the apse, of which the subject is the Crucifixion, the gift of the Drapers' Company; the other for the great west window, the subject being the Conversion of St. Paul, given by Mr. Thomas Brown, of the firm of Longman & Co. Five other windows are designed with the following subjects:—Christ's Agony in the Garden, the Entombment, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. On Monday last the Lord Mayor, co-operating with the Dean and Chapter and the above committee, opened at the Mansion House what is intended to be a national subscription towards the completion of the embellishment of the Cathedral, and headed the list himself.

On Thursday last week Messrs. Foster sold at their gallery in Pall Mall some very fine Limoges enamels, executed by Jean Court dit Vigier, otherwise Courtois, one of the most celebrated enamellers on copper about the year 1550. This beautiful ware, which the discovery of the art of making porcelain brought into disuse, is highly prized by amateurs of ceramic art, and the Bernal collection, which was particularly rich in specimens of Limoges ware, contained none superior to the following, with the exception of the portrait of Catherine de Medici, which, it will be remembered, was purchased by Baron Gustave de Rothschild for £420. The gem of the sale on Thursday was a magnificent large circular salver, or dish, on the upper side of which the enamel consists of Apollo and the Muses, with portraits of Dante, Petrarch, and other poets of the time, splendid Raffaelesque border, and centre medallion head, with the following inscription:—"I. Court dit Vigier me facit." The obverse of the dish exhibits a beautiful arabesque. It was purchased by Mr. Durlacher for £400.—The next interesting lot, or rather series of lots, consisted of twelve plates and four dishes, which sold for £454. The twelve plates were decorated with the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and subjects typical of the respective months of the year, with rich arabesque borders and backs, six of which were purchased by Mr. Spiker for £150, the other six by Mr. Ayerst for £174. The four beautiful dishes, *en suite*, had centres painted with subjects from "The Life of Helen," with superb arabesque borders, and were bought by Mr. Spiker for £140.

THERE have been more fine pictures of the English school sold this season than in any one for several years; and, now the season is drawing to a close, the smaller collections are filling up the rear, and still commanding prices equal to those which prevailed at the commencement. On Saturday last Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods disposed of Mr. W. K. Bayley's collection of water-colour paintings, of which the following were the chief:—Lot 18—J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—"Abbey Pool," with cows in front, sunset, a work of the highest quality, from the collection of the late Earl of Aberdeen, sold for 325 guineas; and lots 22 and 43—Two fine P. De Wints—a Landscape, with "Jacques and the Stag," the premium work at the Water-Colour Gallery, and a Landscape, with corn-harvest, a beautiful work, for 130 guineas.

ON the same day, to eke out the sale, some very fine oil-paintings were also sold. Lot 49—G. Lance—"The Peacock at Home," surrounded by flowers and fruit, the artist's *chef-d'œuvre*, sold for 155 guineas; 50—C. Baxter and H. Bright—"The Rest by the Way," a countrywoman and family by Baxter, the landscape by Bright, for 145 guineas; 52—T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.—"Repose," in a sunny landscape, with groups of cattle and sheep, for 175 guineas; 63—E. M. Ward, R.A.—"John Gilpin detained in his shop by his lady customers," a finished replica of the celebrated large picture, for £210; 61—F. Danby, A.R.A.—A grand classical Landscape, gallery size, for 114 guineas. The day's sale realized £2652. 5s.

THE first stone of the monument at Seville in honour of Murillo has just been laid.

MESSRS. SOUTHWELL BROTHERS have just published a full length photograph of Captain Speke from life, measuring two feet in length, and one foot six inches in width. He is represented standing under an African sun in his waistcoat and shirt sleeves, without hat or coat. The dress, made of a light woollen check, is the one he wore during his memorable journey. In Somersetshire, of which the Speke family are natives, there is a movement to place by subscription some work of art, commemorative of the discovery of the Source of the Nile, in the County Hall at Taunton, side by side with the memorials of Blake and Locke; and Mr. Arthur Kinglake, an active promoter of the undertaking, has received a memorial design, which has been approved by Mr. Bailey.

MR. FRITH is proceeding rapidly with his picture of the Royal Marriage. He has been constantly at work during the season; and most of the royal and aristocratic personages whose portraits are to be introduced therein have given him sittings.

THE Annual Soirée given by the Royal Academy is announced for Wednesday, the 29th instant. Invitations have been issued as usual. The exhibition closes to-day.

THE Old Water-Colour Society also close their Gallery to-day, after a most prosperous season. The Institute of Water-Colour Painters and the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street will keep open their galleries a week longer.

MUSIC.

THE OPERAS:—FIGARO—ELISIR D'AMORE.

BOTH Opera-houses are doing their best for their farewell nights. Mr. Mapleson we have to thank for not letting the year pass without giving "Figaro." Mr. Gye has startled the town within a fortnight of the season's end by introducing to it a new great singer.

Of Mozart's "Divine Comedy" what can one say but that it is divine. Never was a better example of the power of genius to transmute the meanest matter into the purest gold. Beaumarchais' "Mariage de Figaro," is, in the low eighteenth-century sense of the phrase, a good play. That is, it is a neat piece of dramatic construction, full of clever situations and clever writing—a pretty maze of ingenious plot and counterplot; but how infinitely below the level of the stuff which Mozart should have worked upon! There is something sad in the fate which doomed the inspired musician to be a fellow-worker with such a miserable being as the Abbé da Ponte. Intrigue of the paltriest kind is the sum and substance of the play. The personages have, most of them, "no characters at all." The foremost figures in the action are specimens of types which the play-going part of mankind is hopelessly weary of. The dissipated count, the *soubrette*, the plotting Davus: they have been stale and unprofitable any time from Terence downwards. The business of every one is to make love or be made love to. The sentiment, however, appears in none but its lowest form. Of love in any decent sense of the word there is scarcely a suggestion. The only person who professes to care for anyone else is the Countess. But she is far too soft and silly a creature to be sympathized with. On this canvas of clever nonsense Mozart has placed a work of immortal beauty. Dramatically, it is full of contradictions—not unnaturally, for the tendency of Mozart, or at least of Mozart's music, was to etherealize everything it touched; so that we have scenes of grovelling intrigue rendered into passages of the tenderest emotion, the mock-sentiment of the dramatist's puppets uttered in strains that would fitly make love-songs for the angels. It is by this very contradiction that we are made to feel the

intrinsic nobleness of the music. When great thoughts are clothed in great sounds, as in a chorus of Handel or Mendelssohn, we can never separate our impression of the sound and the sense. When the notes of the "Hallelujah" carry with them in the same pulses such stupendous words as "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth, King of Kings and Lord of Lords," it is vain to try to feel what the sounds could be like without the syllables. So, too, one could never split into two elements the serene loveliness of such a strain as "See what love hath the Father bestowed upon us." It is a synthesis, to use Coleridgean phrase, of two sublimities. But in such music as this of "Le Nozze" there is no question of such a fusion. It is a perpetual antithesis between the pure and the impure, the spiritual and the carnal—in short, between Mozart and Da Ponte. Men of very ordinary powers have been occasionally inspired by noble poetry to make music worthy of a genius. To this may perhaps be attributed the occasional phenomenon of a man producing a single small work of rare beauty or power much above his ordinary level; such, for instance, as Farrant's "Lord for thy tender mercies' sake," or Richard Edwards's unsurpassed madrigal, "In going to my lonesome bed;" but by no conceivable possibility could an ordinary composer have got the least spark of inspiration from Da Ponte's version of Beaumarchais' comedy. The wit of the piece, its epigrammatic spice, which was the only thing, apart from the censorship and its political satire, that gave it celebrity, is an element which music cannot convey. Without this it becomes an average French comédietta, and nothing more. Mozart's music has about the same relation to the play that a fresco of Giotto has to the brick and cement which underlies it; or, if one may use a profane simile, that the gorgeous blaze of a *feu d'artifice* bears to the framework from which it springs. Dazzled by the rush and glow of colour, one forgets the little bits of stick and blue paper upon which the artist mounted his effects.

The music of "Figaro" is about eighty years old. What would be early youth for a great poem or picture reckons almost as antiquity in the youngest-born of the arts. But, for a work of art in any kind, a life of almost three generations among peoples of such different tempers as the Praguois of 1786 and the Londoners of 1863 is almost a guarantee of immortality. Every step taken in the progress of an art must ensure at least a *historical* immortality; but "Figaro" and its companion operas must live in a better sense than this. The eighty years that have passed since they were written have witnessed a growth of musical genius greater than perhaps can be paralleled in the history of any art, and yet they still remain the greatest works yet achieved by the use of the same means. It is perhaps true, as has been said, that Mozart, though the most inspired of composers, has been surpassed by some one in every single department of his art; but this does not make music such as that of "Figaro" less supreme in its kind. Greater resources, and a larger scale of work, may have produced greater results. Nothing has yet been written or imagined which so completely immerses the listener in an atmosphere of beauty—"heavenly" one calls it for want of a better name, because it lifts us into a region of life other and higher than our common one. Some such power it has over the common heart of man—a power having next to no relation to the technical knowledge of the hearer. Little children delight in Mozart; great musicians listen to him with awe. When one thinks of the manner of his work, the astonishing rate at which he composed or created, the story of his life seems almost mythical. There may come, nevertheless, a greater musician than Mozart; greater *men* among musicians there doubtless have been: for, apart from his art, he may be said to have been rather a poor creature—a gentle sensitive nature, but grievously weak and inconstant. His last years were clouded with miserable superstitions and domestic griefs quite self-inflicted. The Countess's easy forgiveness of her *Almaviva's* infidelities was no doubt a scene which his own good-natured Stänzel had to act more than once. But, however much, in music as in other things,

The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns,

what Mozart wrote must be immortal by virtue of its intrinsic loveliness. Men can no more get tired of such music as "Voi che sapete" or "Dove sono" than they can cease to delight in green fields or blue sky. It is as true as if the saying had not been quoted ten thousand times that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

THE READER.

25 JULY, 1863.

THE DRAMA.

MR. BYRON'S NEW BURLESQUE.

The cast of "Figaro" at Her Majesty's being what it is, it is scarcely needful to say anything of the performance. Former cheap supplementary seasons have too often been remarkable for a general "scamping" (to use the most expressive term for a bad thing) of the performances. This year, it is fair to say, the contrary is the case. Everything is done as well as the house can do it—that is, as well as any reasonable being can expect it to be done. The orchestral accompaniments, which keep the thought of Mozart before the mind in every bar of the opera, are delightfully played. Mdlle. Trebelli, thorough artist as she is, was, of course, entirely successful as *Cherubino*. Fräulein Liebhart is a vivacious *Susanna*; but her singing is not of a sort to make us forget Miss Pyne's exquisite rendering of the same airs. Mdlle. Titiens' acting of the *Countess* makes the character as interesting as it can well become. Of her singing one can only say that it is in music such as this, great in its simplicity, that she most reminds us of what the world loses sometimes by splendid gifts being left comparatively uncultivated. Had she received early, and in a good school, the training which such a splendid voice deserves, she might have been not only a good singer with some magnificent notes, but one of the very greatest artists, in all respects, that the world has ever seen. Her "Dove sono" is just barely satisfactory (speaking, of course, in reference to the standard by which she should be measured); had she the power of making her voice obey the instincts of her taste, it would be nothing less than enchanting. Mr. Santley is fast acquiring, it is pleasant to see, the art of acting and talking freely in Italian. The *Count's* great bravura air has certainly not been better sung in the recollection of present opera-goers. M. Gassier, if he has not the power of voice with which, according to Michael Kelly's account, the first representative of the part electrified his hearers in the martial phrases of "Non piu andrai," is a most zealous and quite sufficient *Figaro*.

The event of the past week at Covent Garden has been the appearance of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca as *Valentine* in the *Huguenots*. To succeed in this most exacting of parts, as Mdlle. Lucca unequivocally has done, before a public with such recollections of previous *Valentines*, is a certain presage of a great career. She sang again on Thursday night. Of this notable addition to Mr. Gye's resources we must speak more in detail next week.

The revival of "L'Elisir d'Amore," not seen by Londoners since the last of the three seasons in the Lyceum Theatre, has given Mdlle. Patti a new character, her absolute success in which was too certain to be a matter of speculation. For thoroughly pleasant after-dinner music, mirth-moving and vivacious, commend us to the "right merrie" comedy of Dr. Sweetbitters and the love-sick swains. The plot is trivial, but not mean; full of funny situations, which an actor blessed with comic humour can make irresistibly diverting. Signor Ronconi, the Robson of opera, is an unapproachable *Dulcamara*. His play brims over with oddities. With his marvellous coach, his impish page, and his herald-trumpeters, he drives right into the hearts of the stalls, and wakens even the reserve of the dress circle into peals of laughter. Humour so genial as his is all-subduing. As for the music, it sounded, after seven years' interval, more bright and piquant than ever. A shadow of sadness hangs over all the parts in which Angiolina Bosio sang her last to English ears. Mdlle. Patti's voice is scarcely, indeed, in softness, an echo of those sweet notes; but it rings out in the florid passages with a brilliancy which is very pleasant to hear, and delightfully free from the slightest strain or effort. She acts best in the parts where the character has to be invested with a little delicate touch of sentiment. In the "Figlia del Reggimento," which she is to sing to us for the first time next week, she will have a part more worthy of her dramatic power than that of the village coquette. Signor Tagliafaco's humorous pomposity as *Il Sergente* was as effective as his singing was good.

R. B. L.

MUSIC FOR NEXT WEEK.

JULY 27th to AUGUST 1st.

MONDAY.—Mrs. Campbell Black's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY.—Crystal Palace, "Extra Grand Concert," 3 p.m.
Mr. Russell's Last Concert, Agricultural Hall.

Motett Choir's Last Meeting, Architectural Rooms, 8, Conduit Street (Evening).

OPERAS:—

COVENT GARDEN.—To-night, "Elisir d'Amore;" Monday, "Huguenots;" Tuesday, "La Tigra;" Thursday, "Faust."

HER MAJESTY'S.—To-night, "Faust."

THE new burlesque at the Strand, entitled "The Motto: I am all There," and frankly stated by Mr. Byron to be a "shameful travesty" of the "Duke's Motto" at the Lyceum, is a great success. It would almost seem as if the outcry against burlesque which was raised rather loudly a few months back had put Mr. Byron on his mettle. Certainly he has thrown himself with renewed energy into his two last productions, which are among the very best that have come from his pen. In the selection of his present subject he has been particularly happy, and he has treated it in a manner really excellent. The constructive skill displayed by him in preserving, almost intact, the long and complicated story of the "Duke's Motto," and representing it within the limit of one act, is not a little admirable. In fact, he has not only reproduced the story, but he has told it in some respects more clearly than Messrs. Paul Féval and John Brougham themselves. His ingenuity is most affluent in expedients for getting over difficulties. *Blanche*, the heroine, given into *Lagarrière's* hands as a baby, appears in the next scene a young lady of twenty odd years old—Mr. Byron having filled up the interval with a comic duet and nigger dance, which answers the purpose as completely as the elaborately constructed ode of a Greek chorus. The scene in which this feat of killing time is accomplished is, in fact, one of the features of the piece. We take it to be a sign of Mr. Byron's sense of matured power that he has almost wholly refrained from burlesquing the peculiarities of M. Fechter's performance. Of course, the very nature of the subject travestied demanded a close imitation of all the more salient points in the well-known Lyceum piece; but, from first to last, this imitation has been produced with remarkable discrimination and good taste. It is a long time since the mean between familiarity and vulgarity was more nicely hit in burlesque-writing. In any piece of Mr. Byron's showers of puns are to be expected; in the present piece he pours them out with the steady down-fall of a set-in rain. The name of the *Duc de Nevers* alone enables him to extract at least a dozen, which are one by one hailed with the now recognised groan of approval—a long-drawn "Oh!" being the received equivalent for a round of applause. But, as we noticed with reference to the writing in his "Ill-Treated Il Trovatore," his puns have latterly grown to be more substantial—there is matter in them as well as mere sound-likeness. Though not comparable with Lamb and Leigh Hunt—whose puns, as Lamb said, "set you thinking"—when he is at his best, Mr. Byron rises very close to the level of true wit in his punning, and he is evidently ripening. His verses, also, in his latest productions, are built up with a more masterful pen; this is especially observable in the lyrical portions, in which difficult measures are handled with an ease that is almost astonishing, his "words" being made to wed the music to which they are written as completely as if the music had been written to the words. The happiest parody, upon the whole, in the present piece, is one upon the charming "Zitti! zitti!" of the "Barbiere," the subject being a "Citizen" omnibus, with a ludicrous refrain of "City! city!" "Bus! bus!" the execution of which by the singers is very clever, and draws down loud and well-merited applause.

Although several names that have long been associated with the burlesque-triumphs of the Strand Theatre will not be found in the cast of the present piece, it is not too much to say that few Strand burlesques have been better played. Mr. George Honey, as *Lagarrière*, is fitted with a part that suits him perfectly; and we hardly remember ever to have seen him to greater advantage. His acting is excellent; and we are glad to notice that, while his make-up is as close an imitation of M. Fechter as possible, he does not descend to mimicry of the great French actor's false accent, except in one or two instances, which we are inclined to pardon on account of their obvious freedom from malicious intention. The *Princess*, played by Mr. H. J. Turner, whose costume and make-up is most laughably like that of Miss Elsworth in the "Duke's Motto," is sustained with great tact and taste; and one of the most effective scenes in the piece is that in which, during the family-consultation respecting the lost child of her first husband, the assassinated *Duc de Nevers*, she consults a portrait of her dead spouse, and is answered by *Lagarrière*,

who is concealed in a store-closet behind the canvas. The wicked *Gonzagues*, her present husband, having in view the securing of certain estates, endeavours to palm upon her a gipsy girl as her own child; she appeals to the portrait for guidance, and the oracular voice answers "pickles;" again, and it replies "jam, eh?" (*jamaïs*); for the third time, and it rejoins "er lives!" (olives)—all to the confusion of the wicked *Duke* and the consolation of the twenty years' bereaved *Princess*. The situation is worked out with remarkable ingenuity; and the applause that follows *Lagarrière's* exit from the closet is long and well-deserved. Miss Ada Swanborough plays the important character of *Blanche*, the child mysteriously left in charge of *Lagarrière* on the night of the Duke's murder, and reared by him in secret. She acts with great animation; and especially towards the end of the piece, in the scene where *Lagarrière*, disguised as the hunch-back *Æsop*, pretends to mesmerize her, enters into the melodramatic spirit of the situation with an admirable abandon. Her singing throughout is most pleasing, though we fear her voice is being dangerously taxed. The *Duke Gonzagues* is played by Miss Maria Simpson, a lady who has been absent from the company for some years, but who was a favourite actress in many of the most successful of the Strand burlesques. Miss Fanny Josephs is the gipsy girl *Pépita*, and *Curricfergus*, the honourable chief of a band of braves, is played by Miss Jenny White. All these ladies play with point and spirit; and, in addition, the dancing of Miss White is remarkable for its finished neatness. Some capital dancing is also executed by Mr. E. Clifton, who plays the *Regent*, a character, as Mr. Byron describes it, "remarkable for nothing in particular," but which, nevertheless, in Mr. Clifton's hands, turns out to be by no means the least amusing personage in the *dramatis personæ*. The fighting, spasmodic *Duc de Nevers* of Mr. E. Danvers is very grotesque and mirth-provoking. In fact, the only weak acting in the piece is that of Mr. Collier, who, as *Æsop*, appears not to know that he is supposed to be representing a man with a hunch upon his shoulders, and thereby half destroys the *vraisemblance* of *Lagarrière's* disguise, capably assumed by Mr. George Honey.

As regards scenery, dresses and appointments, the piece has been put upon the stage in a manner to sustain the old repute of this theatre. Mr. Musgrave's adaptations of popular tunes are extremely clever; and the selection, though erring, we think, on the side of too much operatic music, is highly pleasing. Since its production on Thursday week the piece has been increasing in attraction; and we have little doubt that it will enjoy a long run.

On Monday evening the performances at her Majesty's Theatre were of a mixed character, Madame Ristori appearing in parts of three tragedies, in conjunction with a certain number of the leading singers of the theatre, who executed a miscellaneous concert. The pieces selected for Ristori were "Maria Stuarda," of which she played the fifth act, the most interesting of the whole piece; the fourth act of "Macbeth," in which she exhibits her surprising picture of a somnambulist; and, finally, the wondrous fifth act of "Elizabetta." We have spoken of all these characters during the progress of the series of performances in which they were recently represented by Ristori, and we can add nothing to the praises we have already bestowed upon the greatest of living tragic actresses.

GREAT disappointment was on Saturday evening last occasioned by the sudden illness of Mademoiselle Stella Colas, which rendered the closing of the *Princess's* necessary. The young actress was able, however, on Monday to continue her duties, and is attracting all the attention which her fine performance of *Juliet* deserves. We believe that it is arranged that she shall reappear at the *Princess's* on her return from St. Petersburg at the end of the present year; and that, in all probability, the next Shakespearian character she will essay will be *Imogen*.

A VERY successful performance in aid of the funds of the Dramatic College took place at the Haymarket on Wednesday evening, a large number of the leading actors of London appearing in some of their most popular characters. Some distinguished amateurs lent an efficient as well as charitable hand on the occasion. The annual *fête* at the Crystal Palace begins to-day with an unusually strong programme of attractions.

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